

Mrs. Grand Jury

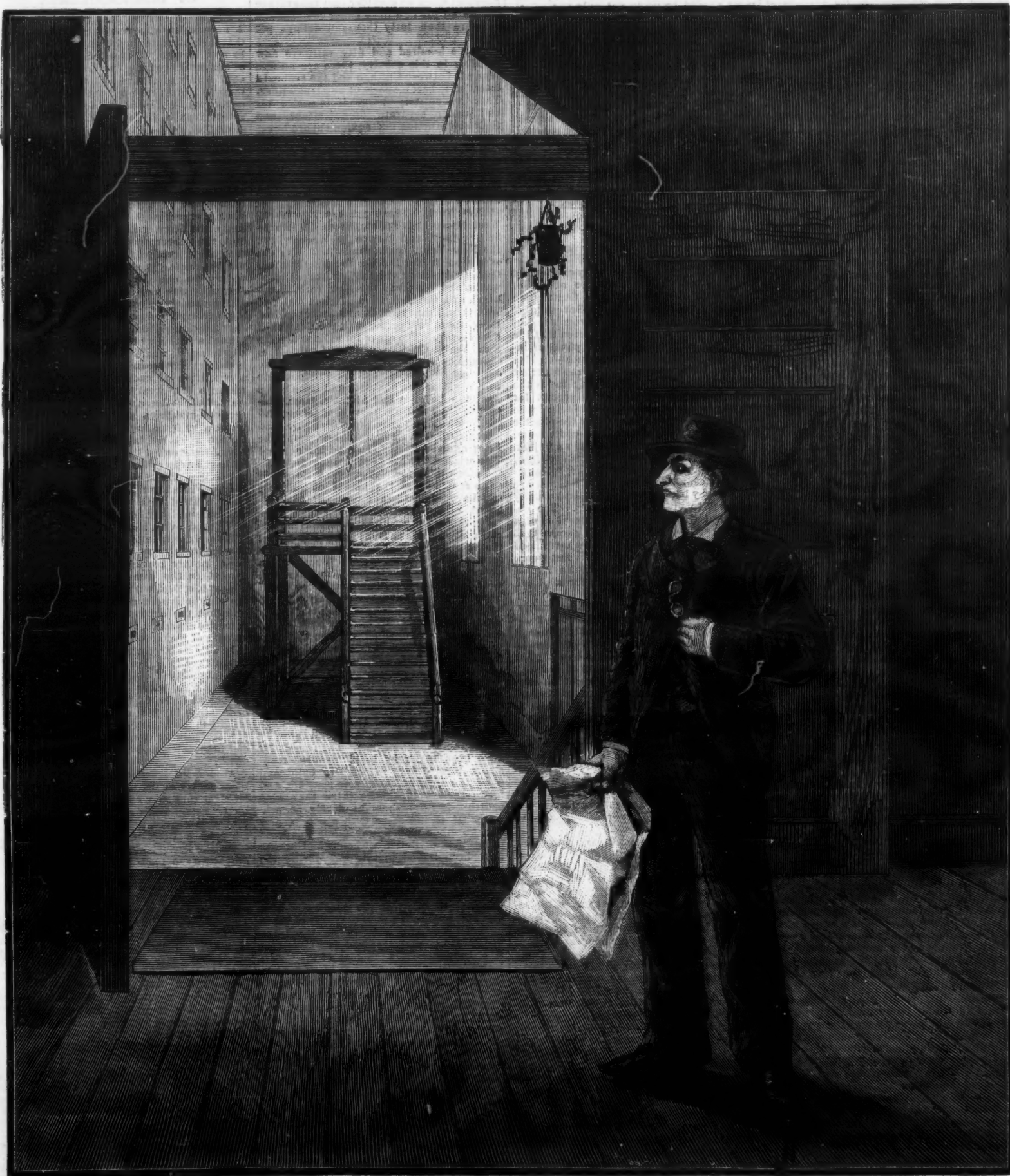
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1882, by Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.—Entered at the Post Office, New York, N.Y., as Second-class Matter.

No. 1,372.—Vol. LIII.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 14, 1882.

PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$2.00 YEARLY.
WITH SUPPLEMENT, 15 WEEKS, \$1.00.



WAITING—A SCENE IN A CORRIDOR OF THE JAIL AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 341.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 14, 1882.

\$500 REWARD.

Information reaches us from nearly every State of the Union that agents claiming to represent the Publishing House of Frank Leslie, and the firm of "Frank Leslie & Co.," are collecting subscriptions for various publications. In some cases these agents, as if to emphasize their claims, use a stamp in signing the name of "Frank Leslie" to their receipts. We again distinctly warn the public that the Publishing House of Frank Leslie (of which Mrs. Frank Leslie is the sole proprietor) has no traveling agents or representatives, and that there is no such firm in this city as Frank Leslie & Co. All persons using the name of the Frank Leslie Publishing House, under any modification or in any form whatever, in the business of soliciting subscriptions, are impostors, and as such liable to punishment. We will pay a reward of \$500 for the arrest and conviction of any person thus fraudulently claiming to represent this House. The public should understand that the only genuine Frank Leslie publications are issued from 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, and that all so-called Frank Leslie publications represented by traveling agents are counterfeits.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH EMBEZZLERS?

IN nothing is the wide difference between civilization and barbarism more apparent than in the character of their respective crimes. The offenses of a rude population are mainly brutal and personal. Those of enlightened communities are more circuitous and complicated: either the plunder of the whole people by the conspiracy of corporations, or the robbery of corporations by the treachery of their managers. Many men who are held in high repute, and who would revolt at the vulgar idea of stealing a watch or a purse, think it quite honorable, and even meritorious, to rob the public through extortionate charges, which are made to seem legal; and when once these primitive barriers of integrity are broken down, the foot of the demoralized official may easily find the way to defalcation—embezzlement—flight.

The only visible remedy for extortion is in the superintendence by the Government of all kinds of common carrying where adequate competition is in the nature of the case impracticable; the remedy for embezzlement is not so obvious. No doubt, if the formation of gigantic monopolies were prevented, it would greatly tend to check that spirit of avarice—that feverish haste to get rich—from which much other crime results. The greed of Americans of this generation, unknown to other times and other lands, has been inflamed by, almost created by, the possibilities presented in the organization of colossal schemes (ostensibly to serve the people) and the manipulation of the stock so as to plunder the dull or the credulous. Some of the millionaires of our current census obtained their fortunes by means scarcely, if any, more reputable than that resorted to by the embezzler who rifles the safe which he is paid to guard. They will be deprived of those facilities for profitable trickery by-and-by.

Meantime, the question presses for consideration: What shall we do with embezzlers? While the whole land is swept by this mercenary emulation, embezzlements cannot be abolished, but some things can be done to make them less frequent and less harmful.

First—All presidents, cashiers, auditors, treasurers, and other custodians of general funds, should be made to give bonds bearing a reasonable relation to the trusts they hold. The auditor of Newark, called on to pass upon millions of dollars every year, was under bonds for only \$10,000. Ten times that amount would not have been too much—and this is a fair specimen of the inadequacy of bonds.

Second—When bonds are forfeited, they should invariably be exacted. The public now suffers in two important ways: from the acceptance of insolvent bondsmen, and from the release of solvent bondsmen from the obligations they assume. There seems to be no way in which judges can be punished for accepting bonds from men who, in case of forfeiture, prove to have no property; and the releasing of bondsmen from their obligations when the men for whom they have become sureties have proved dishonest or taken flight, is one of the commonest of legal phenomena. A prominent member of the New York Bar expresses the opinion that not one bonds-

man in ten is made to incur loss where bonds are forfeited.

Third—The legal penalty of embezzlement is now quite insufficient. This is comparatively a modern crime—a crime associated with culture, leisure, and accumulated wealth. Such an embezzlement as that of the officers of the Continental Life, or that of Baldwin, cashier of the Newark Bank, is far worse in its effects on a community than any ordinary murder. Instead of involving one or two or a dozen, it reaches thousands, hard-working fathers of families, snatching the meagre savings of years wherewith they were about to build a home; poor widows, whom the robbery leaves utterly bereft and desolate; orphaned children, wrenching from them their only hope, and bequeathing to them a legacy of wretched want and woe. Such an embezzlement not only makes paupers, but it makes criminals; it afflicts and burdens society in a hundred ways, and causes many times more misery than any common killing. Then why should not the embezzler be punished with life-long imprisonment? The temptations to embezzlement are very seductive, and the penalty should be one which men most dread. Extreme punishment should be made not only uncomfortable, but disgraceful. A criminal in prison should be deprived of some of the luxuries of home, and he should be denied free intercourse with his friends. It is revolting to read that Guiteau had "a delightful Christmas dinner," and was "surrounded by ladies bringing bouquets"; or that the scoundrelly Newark auditor of accounts has "large and comfortable quarters" apart from other prisoners. Morbid philanthropy and sickly sentimentalism have about had their day, and society is beginning to recognize the fact that even if "vice is disease," as Thoreau rudely put it, the severest form of social disapprobation is the most effective medicine.

GUITEAU IN THE DOCK.

A GREAT deal of unnecessary excitement has taken place over the action of Judge Cox in having ordered Guiteau, on motion of the counsel for the Government, to be placed in the dock. From some of the comments, it would be inferred that the dock was in itself a place of physical inconvenience amounting to torture—an idea which is completely refuted by the fact that before it was honored by being made the seat of the prisoner, it was sought for eagerly by fashionably dressed ladies, who valued it for its comfort and for the eligible view it commanded of the court-room. Others seem to regard the act as an unjustifiable indignity to an American citizen, as yet unconvicted, and therefore presumably innocent, and whose finer feelings are outraged by being placed in the seat usually assigned to ordinary criminals. The objection of Guiteau and his counsel is of a more practical character. It seems that the dock in question is somewhat raised above the ordinary seats in the court-room, and therefore the position of its inmate renders him an easier mark for a pistol, air-gun, or rifle.

None of these objections are tenable. In spite of the boasted civilization of our British ancestry, it was only within a comparatively recent period that a prisoner on trial for felony was allowed to be seated at all, or even to have the benefit of counsel. Under our Constitution, the right to have the assistance of counsel and to be confronted with the witnesses against him is guaranteed, but no mention is made as to the question of his seat, whether it shall be nicely cushioned, or of hard wood, inclosed by a railing, or whether any seat at all should be provided. Probably these matters were deemed too trivial to require constitutional or statutory enactment, and the matter has virtually been left to the discretion of the judge presiding on the trial.

Practically, there has existed, from time immemorial, in criminal courts of Great Britain and this country, a raised inclosure, differing only in size from the jury box, in which prisoners are usually placed during trial, as well for identification as for security from escape. It is usually placed facing the bench, and close to the seats occupied by the prisoner's counsel, so as to afford ready means of consultation. There is no more of an outrage in it as an institution than there is in the indictment, and not nearly as much as there is in the close confinement of the jail. It is true that, in the case of well-behaved prisoners, the Court often allows them to sit by the side of their counsel; but this is a matter of grace, which even slight exhibitions on the part of the prisoner may forfeit.

In the present case, the prisoner, if insane, has manifested enough of the freaks of insanity to justify the Court in suppressing them, as far as possible, in the future; and, if sane, his conduct has been so insolent, so outrageous, such a parody upon the orderly administration of justice, that the Court is right in asserting any discipline consistent with his constitutional right to be present and have the assistance of coun-

sel Under either view of his case, his proper place is in the dock. And that is all there is of it.

NEW RAILWAYS AND THEIR STOCKS.

THE first railway in the United States was built in South Carolina in 1830, and from the close of 1835—when 1,098 miles were in operation—to 1842 the construction of lines was at the rate of about four hundred miles a year only. But at the close of 1873 we had 70,278 miles in operation, and at the close of 1880, 93,671 miles, with a capital and funded debt aggregating \$4,897,401,000. The increase in mileage since that date has been at a far greater rate than in any previous year, and now there are about a hundred thousand miles in operation, representing bonds and shares to an amount exceeding five thousand millions of dollars; while before the end of 1882 about sixteen thousand miles more will have been constructed, in all probability, unless a revulsion occurs in the interval. How vast a sum of money is involved in operations of such magnitude is apparent when we consider that the average cost of all the new lines under construction is more than forty thousand dollars per mile.

Of the hundred and fifty railways now building in this country, there are no less than six between Chicago and the seaboard intended to become parts of new trunk lines. These are entirely distinct from each other and under separate organizations, and their construction and equipment are being pushed forward so rapidly that three of them are likely to be completed and in active operation before the end of 1882, and the remainder within the following year. Three of the six will have their termini on the New Jersey side of the Hudson River at New York. These are the New York, West Shore and Buffalo, from Buffalo to Schenectady, and thence to Weehawken; the New York, Lackawanna and Western extension from Buffalo to Binghamton, thence connecting with the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western; the New York, Pittsburgh and Chicago, from Marion, Ohio, to Wampum, Pennsylvania, and thence to Red Bank, there connecting with the Central of New Jersey. The other three lines are the New York, Chicago and St. Louis, from Chicago, via Cleveland, Ohio, to Buffalo, designed to parallel and directly compete with the Michigan Southern and Lake Shore line; the Chicago and Atlantic, from Chicago to Marion, Ohio, there connecting with the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, and intended to be a western connection of the Erie; and the Boston, Hoosac Tunnel and Western, from Buffalo to Schenectady and the Hoosac Tunnel. These new lines will somewhat reduce the actual distance by rail between Western cities and the seaboard, and when they are completed the seven routes between New York and Chicago will range in length from 980 to 887 miles; the four between New York and Buffalo from 415 to 440 miles; the four between Chicago and Buffalo from 520 to 540 miles, and the two between Buffalo and Boston will be 490 and 500 miles, respectively. There will thus be two additional trunk lines eastward from Chicago, three from Buffalo, and one from Marion, Ohio. The competition to which the old roads will be subjected by the advent of these formidable rivals can be readily foreseen.

The capital already paid in, or at least subscribed, for these six lines cannot be less than about seventy millions of dollars, yet only six millions of their bonds have been publicly offered for sale, and these by one of the companies only. The remainder have been taken by their "inside" managers, formed into "rings" to build and equip the lines as cheaply as possible, and make their companies—which they also control—pay for them as dearly as possible. It is the same with all, or nearly all, the other new lines. Many hundreds of millions of dollars of bonds and stocks have been issued in this way during the last four years, a large part of which is still in speculative hands.

The principal danger now menacing the financial situation of the country is of a break-down through want of money of these financial backers, who, in all the large undertakings, are organized as "Construction Companies," on the plan of the Crédit Mobilier, of unsavory memory, and when assessed from time to time to pay for the work as it progresses, receive the Construction Companies' stock for the amount paid in. This they in turn surrender in exchange for the bonds and stock of the railway companies concerned as fast as such are issued against completed sections of their lines. The latter they are generally quick to sell at the Stock Exchange, if they can find or make a market for them; and they take care that these shall show them an enormous profit on their cash investments, at their face value.

If they cannot sell their securities to the confiding public, at a price satisfactory to themselves they keep the market strong by a speculative manipulation, and borrow on them; and enormous sums

have been loaned on collaterals of this kind by the banks and others, as well as in many instances, on construction stocks, for which, as they are not "listed" at the Stock Exchange, there is no market whatever. As most of the shares, at least of newly or partly constructed railways, are mere trash for the time being, however likely they may be to become intrinsically valuable in the future, it follows that there would be plenty of room for an alarming decline in their price if the artificial support of their promoters was withdrawn, or panic came upon the market. If the construction companies break down it will be through popular distrust and their inability to borrow on, or sell at high prices, the securities they receive. Whatever cause may produce this result, and the consequent collapse, is to be dreaded not only by themselves but by all who have bought them for investment or on speculation, or who hold them as collateral security for loans; and the danger of this was never more apparent than now. "Look out for the engine when the bell rings!"

OF BLACKMAILERS.

IT is but a few months ago that the city newspapers announced the startling fact that a blackmailer had been shot and killed by a policeman, in broad daylight, in one of our most prominent avenues. A respectable family of means had received letters threatening, in case a considerable sum of money was not paid in the manner indicated, that a little daughter, attending school, would be abducted and foully dealt with.

Fortunately, and as is usual in such cases, the plot was clumsily conceived, and the police had little difficulty in bringing one of the conspirators into their toils, and he is supposed to have met his death by resisting arrest and assaulting the police. And while there can be little room to doubt that the officer was somewhat too hasty with his trigger on that occasion, yet such was the dastardly character of the crime in which the offender was engaged, that no sympathy was wasted upon him, while the officer was actually applauded. A surviving accomplice was readily convicted and sent to State prison.

Such a lesson as this, it would be naturally inferred, would have a salutary effect in deterring other evil-minded persons from a repetition of such an offense; and yet, within a few weeks thereafter, we find a man of education and excellent social connections making a similar attempt to extort money from Jay Gould by threats that his life would be taken in case of his refusal. Here again the offender was detected without any great ingenuity on the part of the police. He is now in the Tombs awaiting trial, and the evidence seems to be so clear against him that the only defense available in such cases will doubtless be interposed—viz., insanity.

Before the details of the last case had become stale news, and only within a few days, another blackmailer was caught red-handed in the commission of an offense almost identical with the last, except that the alternative in case of refusal to pay was first the exposure of certain alleged domestic scandals, then an increase of the amount of blackmail, and finally death.

In all acts of criminality there must exist elements of folly, but it is difficult to realize the intellectual obtuseness of the blackmailer, who, after two such impressive lessons as those first mentioned, shows no originality in his methods, but follows blindly in the beaten track laid down by his predecessors in crime, which must always end in disaster, and which in one case led to death.

A moment's reflection on the part of these gentry ought to convince them that, however they may entrench themselves behind "Personals," anonymous letters, innocent messengers, and such devices, there must be a time, if only for a moment, when the conspirator must appear in his proper person for the purpose of receiving the plunder, and thus it requires no great detective skill to devise a plan by which, by appearing to acquiesce in the demand, the trail may be followed to the fountain head. This is no new idea—it was successfully carried out against a party who attempted to blackmail the late William B. Astor, over thirty years ago.

Again it would seem to be the height of folly on the part of the blackmailer to imagine that any man in his sound senses would dream of yielding to any such demands, or would be much alarmed by the threats of violence to him. Such criminals are always cowards, and while we can imagine the torture of the mother whose little child was likely to be abducted and held as a hostage, we cannot believe that a man like Jay Gould ever thought of putting on a coat of mail or increasing the insurance on his life.

Our memory fails to recall any successful scheme of the kind, or at least one in which the offender was not exposed, if not punished. Some forty years ago a very prominent clergyman of this city in a moment of weakness and alarm, yielded

to a demand for money under threats of exposure of some mythical derelictions from the moral code, but finding, as is always the case, that such demands were repeated, and that he was likely to be victimized for life, he became resolute and defiant, courted investigation, and came out unscathed and unstained.

There is another class of persons who, actuated by the same spirit as the criminal, blackmailer, are more cautious in their plan of operations and strive to evade the grasp of the law. In this class are included gossips who wish it to be understood that their silence can only be had for a consideration, anonymous libelers who publish an installment of their vile merchandise in the hope of being paid for the suppression of the remainder—persons who bring unfounded lawsuits, expecting that they will be settled by their adversary sooner than have the sanctities of private life disturbed; in a word, all who endeavor to make money or capital out of the fears or sensitiveness of their neighbors. The arts and devices of this class are numerous and ingenious, but they should always be met in a plucky spirit, and with utter disregard of the threatened exposure, and whenever they chance to render themselves amenable to the law they should be made to feel its strong arm.

It is hard to name a crime more despicable and dastardly than that of the blackmailer. Beside it the act of the highwayman or burglar who puts his own life in peril is comparatively respectable. It will be expected of our new District Attorney, Mr. McKeon, that he will signalize his re-entrance into office by prosecuting to adequate punishment the two culprits now in charge for that offense without regard to previous character or social surroundings.

ANOTHER INDEPENDENT MOVEMENT.

THE independent movement in North Carolina is taking shape, having been greatly quickened by the discussions in the Democratic ranks over the temperance question. It will be remembered that the Democratic Legislature of the State, at the session of 1880, passed a prohibitory liquor law, which, in the subsequent election, was submitted to the people for ratification. The Democratic leaders earnestly committed themselves, in that campaign, to the support of the Act, while the Republicans as vigorously opposed it. The Act was rejected by an overwhelming majority. It is estimated that at least seventy-five thousand Democrats refused to vote for the ratification of the Bill, while perhaps five thousand Republicans cast ballots in favor of the measure. As a result, the Democratic party is now held responsible by both Republican and Democratic anti-prohibitionists for the attempt to thrust an unpopular and odious law upon the people—a law that would have deprived the State of a large source of revenue without accomplishing anything like prohibition. Now that it is too late, the Bourbons plainly see the mistake they committed; but they cannot escape the responsibility of their acts. The element they have alienated refuses to be appeased, and the indications now are that the independent movement, embracing the Republican and Democratic anti-prohibitionists, will develop proportions scarcely less formidable than those of the Mahone party in Virginia. There can be no doubt, indeed, that upon this or some other basis, the war against Bourbon supremacy will be carried forward to complete success. The first result aimed at will be the overthrow of the Democratic majority in the Legislature and the election of a Liberal to the United States Senate.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE situation in Tunis can scarcely be said to have become more favorable for the French. They have, it is true, obtained control of all the more important strategic points and compelled the submission of most of the insurgent tribes, but bands of marauders are still at large, and in one instance have appeared under the very walls of Kairouan. Some thousands of refugees of one tribe having crossed the frontier of Tripoli, the French troops have pursued and engaged them on the soil of Morocco, where the insurgents seem to have the co-operation of the fanatical Mohammedans. In fact, certain troops of the Emperor are reported to have joined the forces of one of the powerful Mohammedan chiefs, declared in favor of a holy war against the French, and defeated certain tribes who refused to join them. The Emperor has proved unable to cope with the revolutionary movement which, according to the latest reports, is spreading throughout Morocco.

It is said that the British Government proposes a new method of dealing with Ireland. It has divided the disturbed localities into five or six districts, each of which is to be under a superior magistrate, who will be able to act without previous superior sanction and have entire control of the troops and police, with a view to prompt action in the event of disturbance. It is thought that the power of these magistrates will ultimately be employed in an effort to compel the payment of rents. There are now 50,000 troops in Ireland, including the armed and drilled constabulary, and the Government, as a further precaution, has placed Dublin and nine other counties under the Arms Act. The Land Courts are still at work, and the chief commissioners will sit as an Appeal Court on the

10th instant. Appeals are said to have been taken in sixty per cent. of the cases decided by the sub-commissioners. It is believed that many more sub-commissioners under the Land Act will be needed, if arrears are not to be allowed to accumulate disastrously. A number of Land League desperadoes, who are suspected of being leaders of the ruffianly gangs engaged in the perpetration of outrages, were arrested last week.

A curious affair is reported from Warsaw. A pickpocket caused a panic in a church by raising the cry of "Fire." In the rush and struggle for safety, some forty persons were crushed to death, and sixty others were more or less injured. The offender proving to be a Jew, a mob at once visited his offense upon all the Jews within reach, maiming their persons, destroying their property, and behaving generally with fiendish malignity. The damage done to property is said to have been enormous, a part of the city being virtually destroyed. The police appear to have been for a time utterly powerless before the ungovernable fury of the mob; but the following day, recovering their courage, they made some 2,000 arrests of participants in the murderous Christmas Day outrage.

In France, the Ministry of Worship is to be reorganized, and the Concordat more stringently enforced. No new bishop will be appointed without taking the oath prescribed by the convention between France and the Vatican. Other important cabinet changes are expected. The Anglo-French treaty negotiations have been resumed.—Sir William Harcourt, the English Home Secretary, has declined to interfere in certain cases of persons convicted of bribery at elections who claim that their previous good character should serve as a bar to punishment. In reply to a question in the Cortes, the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs has announced that, so far as he is aware, no Power contemplates taking the rights of the Pope under its special protection.

THE STAR ROUTE CASES.

WHAT is known as "The Dorsey Combination" controlled 134 of the Star Routes, covering 9,887 miles, for which the original contract price was only \$143,169 per annum. Of these 12 routes were discontinued early in the term. For the remainder the original contract price was \$129,923; but by the process of "expedition" this sum was swelled to \$625,144. Almost all the additional pay was awarded on 26 routes, the total pay for which was raised from \$65,216 per annum to \$530,319 per annum. The records of the department show yearly that a vast majority of the increased service ordered was unnecessary, and the rottenness of the allowances is therefore inferentially proven. But the case of the Government against the combination will be supplemented by the reports of Government inspectors sent over the routes; sworn affidavits of postmasters, mail-carriers, stage-drivers, etc., proving clearly the fraudulent charges for the service. It is gratifying to know that the "combination" which has profited so enormously by the complaisance of Brady and other officials, is at last at the end of its tether, and that the principals are likely to suffer the just penalty of their thievish conspiracy against the public treasury. The language of the new Attorney-General on the subject is as follows:

The uttermost penny lawlessly received and taken from the public Treasury must be recovered. These prosecutions must be earnestly pressed; the trials must be prompt, and the cases must be well prepared. All that is essential must be ready for use. I have resolved that my duty will require me to take active part in the trials in court, and I propose to be present and in person lead in the prosecution for the United States.

It is estimated that the cost of the Guitau trial will amount to \$200,000, or more. That is a big sum to pay for the privilege of hanging so monstrous a wretch.

IS THERE any reason why the investigation into the management of the contingent fund of the Treasury Department should be conducted with closed doors? The method of the investigation so far suggests that it was intended to whitewash the persons accused rather than to discover the truth and expose the guilty; and if the Senate Committee desire to relieve themselves from suspicion in the matter, they will open the doors at once and permit the public to inspect the evidence just as it is presented.

NORTH CAROLINA is likely to be the great vintage State of the Atlantic coast. The vine flourishes everywhere through its length and breadth, growing with especial luxuriance in every forest of the State. Since the war hundreds of vineyards have been planted; these are mostly small, but there are six, each of a hundred acres or more, where wine-making is carried on, aided by the best experience and skill that could be found in Europe. The products of some of these vineyards made an interesting feature of the State exhibit at the recent Atlanta Exposition.

THERE is just now an active demand for mechanics and artisans at nearly all the business and manufacturing centres of the South. The demand, it is said, comes not only from those who are engaged in cotton manufacture and cotton production, but from the machine shops, the farmers, blacksmiths, carpenters, tailors, etc. The Commercial Bulletin truly remarks that this activity constitutes one of the most gratifying signs of the times, so far as the South is concerned. "There was a time when the conditions of Southern industry were such as to effectually bar out all that kind of manual labor; but the social, industrial, and political revolution which has overtaken it within the past twenty years has changed all that, so that to-day labor there is as honorable

and is accorded quite as much encouragement as it is in any other part of the country. In due time, the beneficial influences of the change will be visible not only in an increase of material wealth, but that healthful diversification of population and pursuits which contribute so largely to the power and prosperity of States."

We publish on another page a carefully prepared map of Siberia and of the Arctic Ocean, from which the reader will be able to form a correct idea of the probable movements of the Jeannette expedition after the loss of the vessel, and the routes which may be pursued by the survivors in their return to this country. The map, prepared for us by Mr. George Kennan, who has traveled the routes indicated, and therefore speaks from experience, includes all the territory from Behring Strait to St. Petersburg, a distance of nearly 6,000 miles, and has a positive value aside from its exhibition of the position of the Jeannette explorers.

The great and noble army of office seekers may be expected to move down upon Washington in force now that it is announced that vacancies exist in the missions to Austria, Chili, China, Russia, and Paraguay and Uruguay. So many important positions in the diplomatic corps have never before been vacant at one time, and it is quite safe to conclude that the raid of aspirants will be correspondingly formidable. It is to be hoped that President Arthur may, in his appointments, disappoint the whole brood of applicants. As a rule, no man who seeks a diplomatic position requiring dignity of character is deserving of it; in those cases, the office should seek the man, and not the man the office.

THE condition of the Panama Canal scheme, according to a correspondent of the New York World, fairly justifies the prediction attributed to General Grant, that unless the usual number of years allotted to man is extended, the projector will not live to see it completed. The management is torn by jealousies and dissensions, and the enterprise, instead of making substantial progress, is in a state of absolute chaos and confusion. The machines imported for the work of excavation have proved to be worthless, and the work is therefore at a standstill. Meanwhile, yellow and other fevers are sweeping off the workmen at a frightful rate, and it is found difficult to supply their places with fresh recruits. The company has scarcely houses or sheds enough to cover 500 men, so that if the 8,000 or 12,000 reported as being necessary for this "great and disinterested work of civilization" were on the spot, they would simply become the victims of exposure, and help to swell the already heavy bills of mortality. Up to the 15th ult., the number of deaths of officers and men in the canal employ had reached a total of 800.

THE prevalence of smallpox throughout the country is attracting the attention of the press and medical authorities. The National Board of Health reports that the disease prevails to a greater or less extent in eighteen States and Territories, and is considered to be in an epidemic form in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Allegheny, Cincinnati, Chicago, some parts of Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Michigan, Minnesota, California, Oregon, and the Washington, Montana and Indian Territories. This statement is contradicted as to Philadelphia, the Press of that city declaring that the deaths from smallpox were less this year than last. In this city, last week, an entire family of six persons were found in a tenement-house sick with the disease. It is thought that the further spread of the disease throughout the country may be prevented by the enforcement by the health authorities of the rules and regulations recently adopted by the National Board of Health and approved by the President. Under these regulations all emigrants upon arriving at any of the ports from ports where smallpox exists are, unless protected by having had the disease, required to be vaccinated and kept in quarantine until the period for the development of the disease (sixteen or seventeen days) is passed.

Who at festive Christmastide can forget the loved ones whose chairs are vacant, whose voices are still, whose companionship would have rendered this hallowed time doubly happy and delightful? It may be that a "wee one" has been called away; mayhap a sister, in all the purity and loveliness of budding womanhood; a youth, boldly girding on his armor for the battle of life; the cherished husband; the idolized wife; a tender mother; a loving and anxious father. Alas! their chairs are empty, and the sigh, unbidden, comes up from the heart, while memory fondly travels hand-in-hand with grief to the quiet corner of the churchyard where they are calmly sleeping under the seamless shroud of the spotless snow, or the covering of timid, peeping daisies. The practice of visiting and of strewn flowers upon graves at Christmastide is still reverently followed in many portions of the country, and notably at Philadelphia. In that city, on the 25th ultimo, thousands of graves were decorated by careful and loving hands with crosses and wreaths of evergreens, the dark green relieved by the bright red of the holly-berrie, while immortelles in white and yellow and purple told their story that the loved ones who had gone before had not been forgotten. At every Christmas season, whether the ground be green with grass, or whether it be white with snow, these tokens of affectionate remembrance dot the cemeteries; and thousands, leaving the bright yule log, the glittering Christmas tree, the joy and mirth of the hallowed festival, repair to the cold, bleak churchyard, there to yearn for "The touch of a vanished hand—for the sound of a voice that is still!"

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

AMERICAN beef is again exported direct to France.

THE French delegates to the Yorktown celebration sailed for home last week.

THE orange crop of southern California is estimated to be worth over \$1,000,000.

THE business of the Erie Railway for the past year shows a surplus of earnings of \$1,887,417.

SMALLPOX has broken out with great severity in some parts of Dakota, partaking of the nature of a plague.

MR. WILLIAM G. RUSSELL has declined the Chief Justiceship of Massachusetts, which was tendered him by Governor Long.

THE records of the St. Louis coroner show that thirty-six homicides and eighty-two suicides took place there during the last year.

A WOMAN living in Los Angeles County, Cal., last week, became the mother of six perfectly formed female children at one birth.

THE Iowa delegation in Congress are working for the nomination of ex-Land Commissioner Williamson for Secretary of the Interior.

TELEGRAPH and telephone wires in Boston are to be laid underground. One hundred street-lamps in that city are to be elected by electricity.

THE authorities of Philadelphia threaten to abolish the electric light. Twenty-five buildings were recently set on fire in one day by means of the wires.

SPECIAL precautions were taken to guard President Arthur against the attack of "cranks" or evil-disposed persons during his visit to this city last week.

It is now thought that neither of the delegates from Utah will be admitted to a seat in the House, and the case will be remanded to the people of the Territory.

A PHILADELPHIA election officer, convicted of fraudulent counting, has been fined \$100, sent to prison for six months and debarred from holding office or voting for seven years.

THE first purely Republican victory in the South under President Arthur's Administration was at Pensacola, where Colonel Tarbell, Republican, was re-elected Mayor by 272 majority.

EX-SUPERVISING ARCHITECT MULLETT, of the Treasury Department, has filed an application for the position of General Superintendent of all the public buildings now under course of construction.

AN invitation has been extended by the National Rifle Association from the British National Rifle Association, for American National Guardsmen to meet British Volunteers at Wimbledon next July.

THE fund for the endowment of a Garfield professorship in Williams College has received an addition of \$8,000 in Boston. The total amount raised is about \$35,000. The effort contemplates about \$15,000 more.

THE total number of witnesses in the Guitau case has been about 200. The total amount to be paid out on account of witnesses is roughly estimated at from \$30,000 to \$50,000. This is believed to be a low estimate.

THE amount to be raised by taxation in New York City in 1882 for the support of the city government, the payment of the city's quota of the State tax, the interest on the city debt, and for other miscellaneous purposes, is \$27,412,831.

THE Health Officer of the Port of New York has arranged with the commanders of European and other steamships to have all passengers from ports that are infected with smallpox examined and vaccinated at or before the beginning of the voyage.

OFFICIAL computation discloses that 2,985 Bills and joint resolutions were introduced in the two Houses of Congress before recess. The law provides that 950 copies of each document shall be printed for the use of members, requiring to date the printing of 2,835,750 copies.

LYNCH-LAW is never justifiable, but it was never more nearly so than in the case of the Louisiana mob, which a few days ago, summarily hanged one Colonel L. M. Bell, a prominent planter, who had so brutally beaten and abused his wife, an intelligent and refined lady, that she died.

A SOCIALIST convention held in New York City last week adopted a platform demanding the abolition of property in land; of the office of President and Vice-President of the United States and President of the Senate; of the United States Senate and of the State Senates; of prison labor contracts; of sumptuary laws, and of restrictions upon suffrage.

AN effort will be made at the present session of Congress to secure the forfeiture of lands granted to railroad corporations that have not complied with the law. The settlers are pouring in rapidly, and find the choice lands held by railroad corporations who prevent the pioneers from utilizing them and opening up the country while they themselves will do nothing with them.

THREE hundred armed negroes took possession of Plymouth, N. C., last week, and for a day or more defied the authorities. The riot grew out of the arrest of several negro desperadoes who were engaged in a fight. During the progress of the riot, several persons were mortally injured. Several companies of military were finally ordered to the scene, and the disturbance suppressed.

Foreign.

EFFORTS are being made to secure an exhibition of Irish manufactures for 1882.

THE Ladies' Land League in Ireland intend to test the legality of their organization.

GERMANY, in her negotiations with the Vatican, will not encroach upon the rights of Italy.

TWO hundred and twenty-five Socialist societies have been dissolved in Germany since the anti-Socialist law was promulgated.

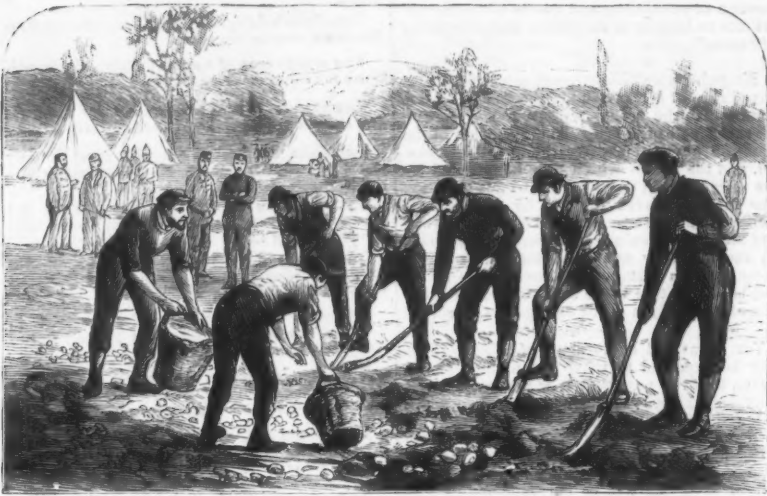
A FRENCH citizen, arrested in Berlin on suspicion of having thrown the bomb that killed the Czar, is to be surrendered to Russia.

It is said that England, France, Germany and America will be invited to co-operate in suppressing the kidnapping of natives of the South Pacific.

DEFALCATIONS amounting to millions of rubles have been discovered in the Custom-house at Taganrog, Russia, and all the officials have been arrested.

A DISPATCH from Buenos Ayres, received by the way of Lisbon, announces that an expedition which was organizing at Valparaiso for the capture of Arica, Peru, has been countermanded.

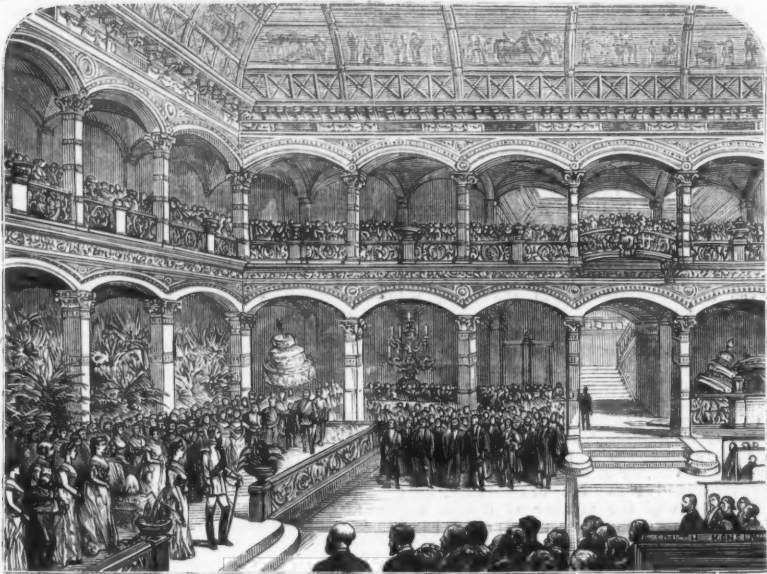
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 342.



IRELAND.—PROPERTY DEFENSE ASSOCIATES DIGGING POTATOES.



IRELAND.—STOPPING THE KILDARE HOUNDS AT KNOCKACREE.



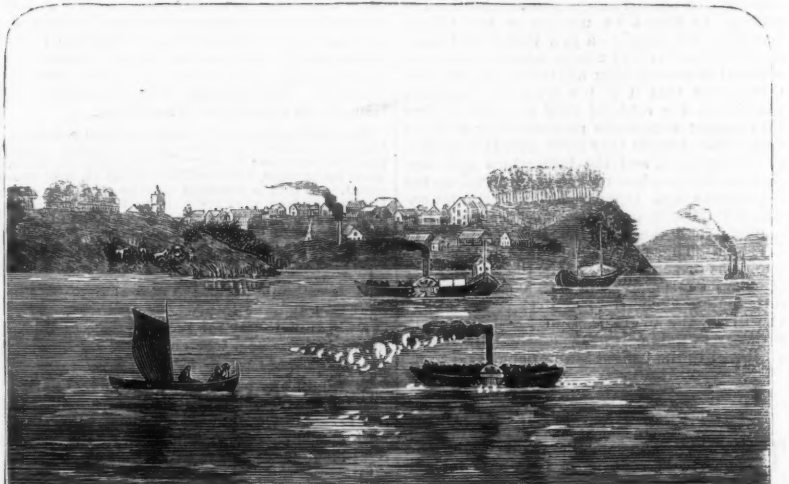
GERMANY.—OPENING OF THE NATIONAL ART MUSEUM, BERLIN.



RUSSIA.—DIVINE SERVICE FOR THE YACOTS IN SIBERIA.



GERMANY.—THE NEW NATIONAL ART MUSEUM, BERLIN.



RUSSIA.—TOWN OF CHABAROFFKA, ON THE AMOOR, SIBERIA.



EGYPT.—RETURN OF THE SACRED CARPET FROM MECCA TO CAIRO.



CANADA.—THE MARQUIS OF LORNE ON CLEAR WATER LAKE.

CHENG TSAO JU,

THE new Chinese Minister to the United States, Cheng Tsao Ju, accompanied by his wife (the first Chinese lady of rank who has ever visited this country) and suite, including Chin Chi Yeung, chief interpreter; Tchong Shan Poo, French interpreter; Shee Shang Pang, Secretary, and twelve attaches of Legation and eleven servants, reached Washington on the 23d ult., and is domiciled at the Arlington Hotel, awaiting the fitting-up of the Shepherd mansion, which will be the Legation residence. The new Minister is the highest in rank of any Chinaman who has ever visited this country, being an ambassador of the first degree.

He is fifty-eight or sixty years of age, and comes of a noble family. He is a native of the Kwantung Province, in the Macao district, and has held many high positions. He was formerly Superintendent of the Arsenal at Shanghai, and then filled the high office of Customs Total or Intendant of Maritime Revenue at Tien-tsin. He is portly in person, with a slightly grizzled mustache, and, in common with all Chinese officials, has a suave diplomatic manner. The new Minister is a protégé of the Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, and belongs to what in China is known as the Progressive Party. During his tenure of office at the Shanghai Arsenal he introduced a quantity of foreign machinery, and is fully cognizant of the superiority of Western appliances as compared with Chinese. At present he occupies the position of Minister to Spain, Minister to Peru and Minister to the United States. It is his intention to visit each of these countries once a year. The wife of the Minister is quite attractive, having a very fair complexion and black hair and eyes. The only covering which she wore on her head on her arrival at Washington was a large bunch of gay-colored flowers. She is small in stature, and apparently about twenty-five years of age.

The Minister is accompanied by Malam Cheng and his two nephews. These young men are able to converse in English, in which language they were instructed by Chin Chi Yeung, who is the chief interpreter to the Legation. Mr. Cheng has been for some years past a teacher in the Hong Kong Government schools, and speaks, reads and writes English fluently. There are also attached to the Embassy several officials of rank, whose positions are Secretary of Legation Writers, Chargé d'Affaires for Spain, French and English interpreters, and a Secretary for the Peruvian Legation. The ambassadorial party brought an immense amount of baggage, including provisions, tea, and Chinese delicacies not easily procurable in the United States. The headquarters of the Minister at the Arlington include the suite of rooms which were used by the Grand Duke Alexis while in Washington, comprising parlors, private dining-room and chambers. Adjoining the Minister's apartments are those occupied by the attaches of the Legation, also comprising parlors, dining-room and chambers. A third dining-room and chamber have been appropriately arranged for the accommodation of the servants. The Minister's suite of rooms are luxuriously furnished in blue satin, and the furniture is entirely new, having been purchased for the occasion.

The mansion which will be used as the Legation residence is one of the finest in Washington, and will no doubt be the seat of a genuine Oriental hospitality during its ambassadorial occupancy.

The new Minister visited the State Department for the first time the 20th ult., and was subsequently formally received by the President.



CHENG TSAO JU, THE NEW CHINESE MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.
FROM A PHOTO. BY HOUSEWORTH, SAN FRANCISCO.

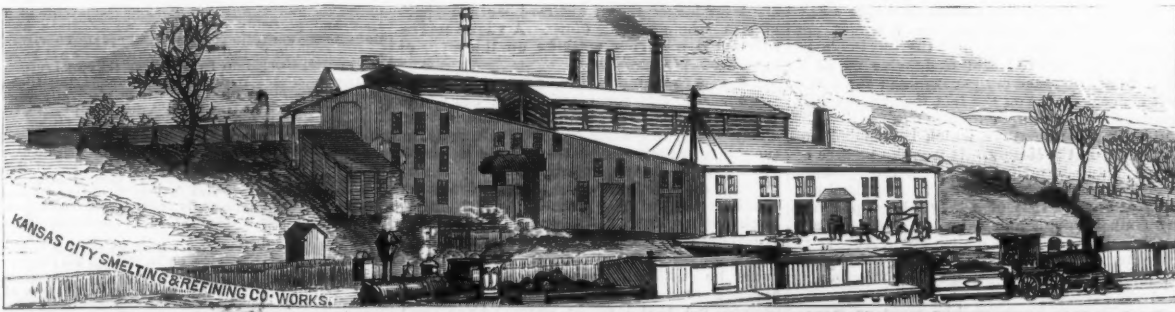
THE GUILTEAU TRIAL.

DURING the last week of the Old Year the Guiteau trial was marked by the prisoner's usual outrageous behavior. On December 28th he was put in the railed inclosure called the "prisoner's dock," in pursuance of a motion made by Judge Porter. Here he sits in a more elevated position than before, and where he can better see, and be seen by, the court-room crowd. At first he objected to the change, and declared that, since he appeared as his own counsel, he could not be removed to the dock. After he got there, however, he announced his satisfaction to the Court, but he did not keep quiet. District Attorney Corkhill asked that all the prisoner's extra guards be withdrawn. Guiteau exclaimed that Corkhill, despairing of convicting him, wanted to have him shot. The District Attorney said that hereafter the responsibility for the prisoner's conduct must be upon the prisoner alone. The prosecution were not responsible for what might happen to him. Mr. Scoville excitedly declared that this speech of District Attorney Corkhill's was virtually an invitation to assassins to enter the court-room and shoot the prisoner.

Judge Cox explained that latitude had been given to the prisoner upon the express desire of the District Attorney, in order to furnish the doctors an opportunity to diagnose his case. It appeared, in fact, that the experts had based their opinions largely upon their observations of the prisoner's conduct in court. This object seemed now to have been accomplished, and, therefore, he granted the motion to send the prisoner to the dock, where, however, he should not be exposed to any danger, but should have the fullest protection. He could not be gagged or removed from the court-room without infringing his constitutional rights. Having accepted counsel, he had waived the right to appear as such in person.

One of the principal witnesses of the week was Dr. MacDonald, the Medical Superintendent of the Blackwell's Island Insane Asylum, who not only regarded Guiteau as a sane man, but thought he was playing a part in the court-room. The witness said Guiteau told him in jail that he expected to be pronounced insane and sent to an asylum, but he did not mean to stay there; for, upon looking up the law, he found he could apply for a commission to pass upon his sanity, and such a commission would, of course, find him sane, and he would be discharged. Guiteau, later in the day, made a partial contradiction of this testimony. Dr. MacDonald's testimony was very damaging throughout. Dr. Barksdale, Superintendent of the Central Lunatic Asylum of Virginia, testified that he had examined the prisoner, and observed him in court, and thought him sane. He, also, believed the prisoner was feigning. Dr. Callendar, Superintendent of the Tennessee Hospital for the Insane, regarded the prisoner as sane, but did not think he was feigning insanity.

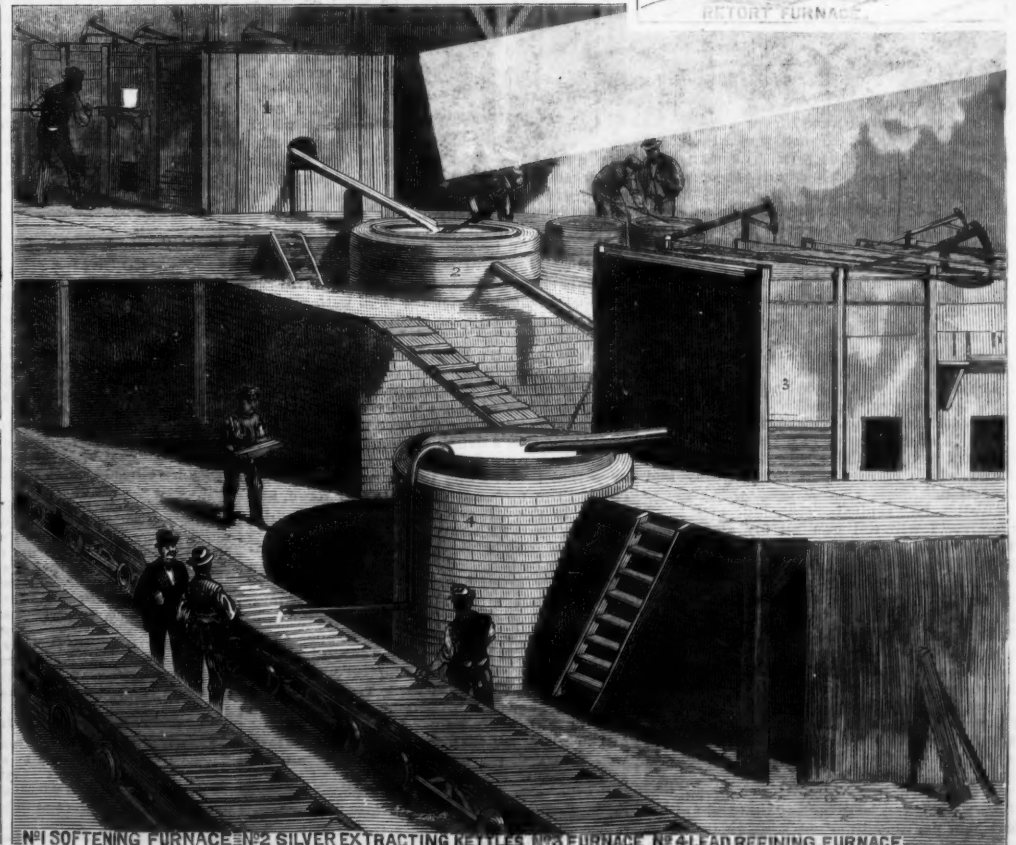
On the second day of his occupancy of the dock, Guiteau was as noisy as ever, and interrupted the proceedings repeatedly. A letter written by the assassin to Senator Cameron, asking for money, was read after a long contest and in the face of Guiteau's protest. Dr. Callendar, the witness, thought the letter was characteristic of the prisoner, and was not an indication of unsoundness of mind. Guiteau agreed with him. Dr. Walter Kempster, of Wisconsin, the chief witness of the day, thought that Guiteau was feigning insanity. His head was not of an unusual shape—a statement which the witness illustrated by card-cuttings showing the contour of the heads of several well-known men. His testimony on this and other points was regarded as very



MAKING BULLION



SILVER REFINING FURNACE



N°1 SOFTENING FURNACE N°2 SILVER EXTRACTING RETORTS N°3 FURNACE N°4 LEAD REFINING FURNACE

THE METROPOLIS OF THE NEW WEST.—WORKS OF THE KANSAS CITY SMELTING AND REFINING COMPANY.—SEE SUPPLEMENT.

important, as he has made a specialty of cranology, and has had an extended experience with insane criminals. Our illustration on front page shows the galleys in the jail at Washington, near which, but not always in sight of which, Guiteau passes daily in going to and from his cell.

WAS HE A MADMAN?

WALKING along the Strand one evening last year towards Pall Mall, I was accosted near Charing Cross Station by a strange looking, middle aged man in a poor suit of clothes, who surprised and startled me by asking if I could tell him from what inn the coach usually started for York.

"Dear me!" I said, a little puzzled. "I didn't know there was a coach to York. Indeed, I'm almost certain there isn't one."

The man looked puzzled and surprised in turn. "No coach to York?" he muttered to himself, half inarticulately. "No coach to York? How things have changed! I wonder whether nobody ever goes to York nowadays!"

"Pardon me," I said, anxious to discover what could be his meaning; "many people go to York every day, but of course they go by rail."

"Ah, yes," he answered, softly, "I see. Yes, of course, they go by rail. They go by rail, no doubt. How very stupid of me!" And he turned on his heel as if to get away from me as quickly as possible.

I can't exactly say why, but I felt instinctively that this curious stranger was trying to conceal from me his ignorance of what a railway really was.

"Excuse me," I said, drawing him aside down the corner of Craven Street; "you did not understand what I meant when I said people went to York by rail?"

He looked in my face steadily, and then, instead of replying to my remark, he said, slowly, "Your name is Spottiswood, I believe?"

Again I gave a start of surprise. "It is," I answered; "but I never remember to have seen you before."

"No," he replied, dreamily; "no, we have never met till now, no doubt; but I knew your father, I'm sure; or perhaps it may have been your grandfather."

"Not my grandfather, certainly," said I, "for he was killed at Waterloo."

"At Waterloo! Indeed! And how long since, pray?"

I could not refrain from laughing outright. "Why, of course," I answered, "in 1815. There has been nothing particular to kill off any large number of Englishmen at Waterloo since the year of the battle, I suppose."

"True," he muttered, "quite true; so I should have fancied."

But I saw again from the cloud of doubt and bewilderment which came over his intelligent face that the name of Waterloo conveyed no idea whatsoever to his mind.

Never in my life had I felt so utterly confused and astonished. In spite of his poor dress, I could easily see from the clear-cut face and the refined accent of my strange acquaintance that he was an educated gentleman—a man accustomed to mix in cultivated society. Yet he clearly knew nothing whatsoever about railways, and was ignorant of the most salient facts in English history.

The impulse to fathom this mystery was irresistible. I drew my arm through his.

"If you knew my father," I said, "you will not object to come into my chambers and take a glass of wine with me."

"Thank you," he answered, half-suspiciously; "thank you very much. I think you look like a man who can be trusted, and I will go with you."

We walked along the Embankment to Adelphi Terrace, where I took him up to my rooms, and seated him in my easy-chair near the window. As he sat down, one of the trains of the Metropolitan line whirled past the Terrace, snorting steam and whistling shrilly; after the fashion of metropolitan engines generally. My mysterious stranger jumped back in alarm, and seemed to be afraid of some immediate catastrophe. There was absolutely no possibility of doubting it. The man had, obviously, never seen a locomotive before.

"Evidently," I said, "you do not know London. I suppose you are a colonist from some remote district, perhaps an Australian from the interior somewhere, just landed at the Tower?"

"No, not an Australian"—I noted his misapprehension—"but a Londoner born and bred."

"How is it, then, that you seem never to have seen an engine before?"

"Can I trust you?" he asked, in a piteously plaintive, half-terrified tone. "If I tell you all about it, will you at least not aid in persecuting and imprisoning me?"

I was touched by his evident grief and terror. "No," I answered, "you may trust me implicitly. I feel sure there is something in your history which entitles you to sympathy and protection."

"Well," he replied, grasping my hand warmly, "I will tell you all my story; but you must be prepared for something almost too startling to be credible."

"My name is Jonathan Spottiswood," Again I experienced a marvelous start—Jonathan Spottiswood was the name of my great-great-uncle, whose unaccountable disappearance from London just a century since had involved our family in so much protracted litigation as to the succession to his property. In fact, it was Jonathan Spottiswood's money which at that moment formed the bulk of my little fortune. But I would not interrupt him, so great was my anxiety to hear the story of his life.

"I was born in London," he went on, "in 1750. If you can hear me say that and yet believe that possibly I am not a madman, I will tell you the rest of my tale; if not, I shall go at once and for ever."

"I suspend judgment for the present," I answered. "What you say is extraordinary, but not more extraordinary, perhaps, than the clear anachronism of your ignorance about locomotives in the midst of the present century."

"So be it, then. Well, I will tell you the facts briefly in as few words as I can. I was always much given to experimental philosophy, and I spent most of my time in the little laboratory which I had built for myself behind my father's house in the Strand. The especial subject to which I devoted myself was the elucidation of the nature of fixed air. I do not know how far you yourself may happen to have heard respecting these late discoveries in chemical science, but I dare venture to say that you are at least acquainted with the nature of the body to which I refer."

"Perfectly," I answered, with a smile, "though your terminology is now a little out of date. Fixed air was, I believe, the old-fashioned name for carbonic acid gas."

"Ah!" he cried vehemently, "that accursed word again! Carbonic acid has undone me, clearly. Well, I was deeply interested in this curious question, and also in some of the results which I obtained from working with fixed air in combination with a substance I had produced from the essential oil of a weed known to us in England as lady's mantle, but which the learned Mr. Carl Linnaeus describes in his system as *Alchemilla vulgaris*. For some years I was almost wholly engaged in investigating the conduct of this remarkable agent; and lest I should weary you by entering into too much detail, I may as well say at once that it possessed the singular power of entirely suspending animation in men or animals for several hours together. It is a highly volatile oil, like ammonia in smell, but much thicker in gravity; and when held to the nose of an animal it causes immediate stoppage of the heart's action, making the body seem quite dead for long periods at a time. But the moment a mixture of the pausodyne with oil of vitriol and gum resin is presented to the nostrils, the animal instantaneously revives exactly as before, showing no evil effects whatsoever from its temporary simulation of death."

To the reviving mixture I have given the appropriate name of Anegeiric. Well, I should tell you, my dear sir, that I had contracted an engagement about the year 1779 with a young lady of most remarkable beauty and attractive mental gifts—a Miss Amelia Spragg, daughter of the well-known General Sir Thomas Spragg, with whose achievements you are doubtless familiar. Pardon me, my friend of another age—pardon me, I beg of you, if I cannot allude to this subject without emotion after a lapse of time which to you doubtless seems like a century, but is to me a matter of some few months only, at the utmost. I feel towards her as towards one whom I have but recently lost, though I now find that she has been dead for more than eighty years."

"Look here," he continued, taking from his breast a large, old-fashioned gold locket containing a miniature—"that is her portrait, by Mr. Walker, and a very truthful likeness, indeed. They left me that when they took away my clothes at the asylum, for I would not consent to part with it, and the physician in attendance observed that to deprive me of it might only increase my paroxysms; for I will not conceal from you the fact that I have just escaped from a pauper lunatic asylum."

I took the miniature which he handed me, and looked at it closely. It was the picture of a young and beautiful girl, with the features and costume of a Sir Joshua. I recognized the face at once as that of a lady whose portrait by Gainsborough hangs on the walls of my uncle's dining-room at Whittingham Abbey. It was strange indeed to hear a living man speak of himself as the former lover of this, to me, historic personage.

"Sir Thomas, however," he went on, "was much opposed to our union, on the ground of some real or fancied social disparity in our social positions; but I at last obtained his conditional consent, if only I could succeed in obtaining the Fellowship of the Royal Society, which might, he thought, be accepted as a passport into the fashionable circle of which he was a member. Spurred on by this ambition, and by the encouragement of my Amelia, I worked day and night at the perfecting of my great discovery, which I was assured would bring not only honor and dignity to myself, but also the alleviation and assuagement of pain to countless thousands of my fellow-creatures. I concealed the nature of my experiments, however, lest any rival investigator should enter the field with me prematurely, and share the credit to which I alone was really entitled."

"Unhappily, my laboratory had excited the suspicion of many ill-disposed persons among the low mob of the neighborhood. It was whispered abroad that I was what they called a vivisectionist, and once when the neighboring rabble saw a drunken woman with a little girl entering my door, a report got abroad at once that I was going to vivisect a Christian child. The mob soon collected in force, and broke in the laboratory. At that moment I was engaged, with my assistant, in operating upon the girl, while several cats, all completely anaesthetized, were bound down on the boards around awaiting the healing of their wounds after the removal of tumors. At the sight of such apparent tortures the people grew wild with rage, and happening in their transports to fling down a large bottle of the anegeiric, or reviving mixture, the child and the animals all at once recovered consciousness, and began, of course, to writhe and scream with acute pain. I need not describe to you the scene that ensued. My laboratory was wrecked, my assistant severely injured, and I myself barely escaped with my life."

"After this *contrétemps* I determined to be more cautious. I took the lease of a new house at Hampstead, and in the garden I determined to build myself a subterranean laboratory where I might be absolutely free

from intrusion. I hired some laborers from Bath for this purpose, and I explained to them the nature of my wishes, and the absolute necessity of secrecy. A high wall surrounded the garden, and here the workmen worked securely and unseen. I concealed my design even from my dear brother—whose grandson or great-grandson I suppose you must be—and when the building was finished, I sent my men back to Bath, with strict injunctions never to mention the matter to any one. A trap-door in the cellar, artfully concealed, gave access to the passage; a large oak portal, bound with iron, shut me securely in; and my air supply was obtained by means of pipes communicating through blank spaces in the brick wall of the garden with the outer atmosphere. Every arrangement for concealment was perfect; and I resolved in future, till my results were perfectly established, that I would dispense with the aid of an assistant."

"I was in high spirits when I went to visit my Amelia that evening, and I told her confidently that before the end of the year I expected to gain the gold medal of the Royal Society. The dear girl was pleased at my glowing prospects, and gave me every assurance of the delight with which she hailed the probability of our approaching union."

"Next day I began my experiments afresh in my new quarters. I bolted myself into the laboratory, and set to work with renewed vigor. I was experimenting upon an injured dog, and I placed a large bottle of pausodyne beside me as I administered the drug to his nostrils. The rising fumes seemed to affect my head more than usual in that confined space, and I tottered a little as I worked. My arm grew weaker, and at last fell powerless to my side. As it fell, it knocked down the large bottle of pausodyne, and I saw the liquid spreading over the floor. That was almost the last thing that I knew. I staggered towards the door, but did not reach it; and then I remember nothing more for a considerable period."

"When I woke up again the effects of the pausodyne had worn themselves out, and I felt that I must have remained unconscious for at least a week or a fortnight. My candle had gone out, and I could not find my tinder-box. I rose up slowly and with difficulty, for the air of the room was close and filled with fumes, and made my way in the dark towards the door. To my surprise, the bolt was so stiff with rust that it would scarcely move. I opened it after a struggle, and found myself in the passage. Groping my way towards the trap-door of the cellar, I felt it was obstructed by some heavy body. With an immense effort, for my strength seemed but feeble, I pushed it up, and discovered that a heap of sea-coals lay on top of it. I extricated myself into the cellar, and there a fresh surprise awaited me. A new entrance had been made into the front. Looking up at the exterior of my house, my brain reeled with bewilderment when I saw that it had disappeared almost entirely, and that a different porch and wholly unfamiliar windows occupied its *façade*. I must have slept far longer than I at first imagined—perhaps a whole year or more. A vague terror prevented me from walking up the steps of my own home."

"It was early morning, and few people were yet abroad. But the costume of those whom I met seemed strange and fantastic to me, and they looked after me with surprise, as though my dress caused them quite as much astonishment as theirs caused me. I was quietly attired in my snuff-colored suit of small-clothes, with silk stockings and simple buckle shoes, and I had of course no hat; but I gathered that my appearance caused universal amazement and concern, far more than could be justified by the mere accidental absence of head-gear. A dread began to oppress me that I might actually have slept out my whole age and generation."

"I walked along unmolested, but with reeling brain, through streets more and more unfamiliar, till I came near the St. Mary-le-Bone Road. There, as I hesitated a little and staggered at the crossing, a man in a curious suit of dark-blue clothes, with a grotesque felt helmet on his head, whom I afterwards found to be a constable, came up and touched me on the shoulder."

(Continued on page 360.)

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The New National Art Museum at Berlin.

The birthday of the German Crown Princess this year is to be celebrated, among other things, by the opening of a national art museum there. It has long been the aim of Her Highness to obtain for Germany, the country of her adoption, an organization for popular education in art and for technical training in decorative design and its application to manufactures similar to that which her illustrious father, the late Prince Consort, made it one of the most earnest objects of his life to establish at South Kensington. The new museum is a large square building constructed within the last three years at a cost to the state of 3,000,000 marks. Its architectural style is mainly classical, and the walls within and without are richly, if not, indeed, rather over-profusely, adorned with sculpture, friezes and glass mosaics, illustrating the history and development of art and civilization among the leading families and countries of the world. At the ceremony there were present most of the Prussian Ministers; the British, Austrian and Turkish Ambassadors; the Envoys of Sweden, Spain, Denmark and Greece; all the chief military and civil authorities, etc. The Emperor had excused his absence on the account of indisposition. The Crown Prince and Princess were present, the former wearing the uniform of the Pomeranian Cuirassiers, and the Crown Princess, a walking costume of brown top.

The Crisis in Ireland.

The stoppage of the Earl of Huntingdon's hounds near Knockree cross-roads was by a mob almost entirely composed of town-folk, not tenant-farmers. They pelled the dogs with stones and sticks, until his lordship called the hounds off, and after a short parley with the roughs, moved away to Knockbeghona, a couple of miles off, from whence a good run was obtained. This suicidal policy of interfering with hunting has been adopted in many other parts of the country, and the result is that hun-

dreds of hunting-men are going over to join the English meetings. The second sketch shows a party of gentlemen belonging to the Property Defense Association endeavoring to save the produce of a field belonging to a Boy-cotted agriculturist by digging the potato crop for him.

The Departure of the Sacred Carpet for Cairo.

This ceremony is always invested with considerable pomp. The caravan, saluted at its departure by a salvo of artillery from the citadel, is escorted by a vast concourse of people. At the head, seated upon a dromedary, is the conductor, the guide of the Hadj. He is an old man with a white beard, his body naked to the waist, and his shaven head bared to the sun. After him come the twenty camels of Mohammed. After these steps the sacred camel, the Mahmil, which represents the animal that the Prophet was in the habit of mounting. This beast carries, upon a magnificent velvet cushion, the carpet, embroidered in gold and silks of all colors. Around the musicians, for the most part negroes, clap their cymbals while dancing after a most grotesque fashion. Behind march camels bearing relics, and others, with palanquins, containing women. The pilgrims, clad in the sacred cloak, "thram" and sandaled, follow on foot. Beside the caravan officers, in uniforms embroidered in gold, caracole their richly caparisoned steeds. A line of soldiers march on the flank to protect the caravan against the Bedouins, the pillagers of the desert. A few miles from the city the crowd take a sad and long farewell of the pilgrims.

Sketches from Siberia.

On another page will be found further illustrations of Siberia, and a brief description of that interesting country. The Yakuts, who are seen, in one of the Foreign Press engravings, at divine service, belong to the tribe who, living along the Lena River, are said to be exceedingly humane and hospitable, and into whose hands the survivors of the *Jeannette* expedition have probably already fallen. They are also spoken of as being very peaceable, religious and thrifty, and no fears need be entertained as to the attentions they will render Captain De Long's party.

The Marquis of Lorne Cruising Clear Water Lake.

This interesting feature of the great trip of the Marquis of Lorne to the extreme northwest territory of Canada last Summer shows the vice-regal party nearing the last portage on the beautiful Clear Water Lake, on July 28th. There were ten large and brilliantly-painted bark canoes, all fully manned with crews uniformly in red shirts, blue caps and white trousers. Nearly all were Indians or half-breeds, save one crew of Scotchmen, who manned the first canoe bearing the Marquis. As the last portage was neared the procession ended in something like a race. Each crew wished to show its prowess, and all were eager to win the honor of second place behind his Excellency's boat, so that, whirled away by the excitement of the figures, the voyagers neglected for once the grand landscape.

THE "JEANNETTE" EXPEDITION.

THE PROBABLE COURSE BEFORE THE LOSS OF THE SHIP—THE FATE OF THE CREW—FACTS ABOUT SIBERIA.

To the Editor of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper:

THE attention of the whole civilized world has recently been drawn, by the news from the Arctic exploring steamer *Jeannette*, to that vast and unfamiliar region on the other side of the globe known to us as Siberia. It is a region about which every intelligent person has heard more or less, and one which has been associated in the minds of most persons from early childhood with stories of suffering and exile; but not one American in a thousand probably could give an accurate and definite answer if he were asked where the survivors of the *Jeannette* have landed, how far they are from the civilized world, or in what way they can return to their homes. With a view to answering these and other similar questions which naturally suggest themselves at this time, I purpose to give, in connection with the map, which will be found on another page, such a brief account of Siberia, its routes, traveling facilities, etc., as will enable the reader to follow intelligently the fortunes of the little band of American explorers who, after being for more than two years lost in Arctic ice, have suddenly and unexpectedly reported themselves at the mouth of the Lena River, on the north Siberian coast.

The meagre information which we have thus far received does not enable us to fill up very satisfactorily the gap of two years which intervenes between the disappearance of the *Jeannette* north of Behring Strait in 1879, and the reappearance of a part of her crew at the mouth of the Lena in 1881. It is probable, however, that the following conjectural sketch of the course of the ship, and of the experience of her crew after her abandonment, will be found approximately correct.

The *Jeannette* was last seen on the 3d of September, 1879, steaming northward up a lead of open water on the eastern side of Wrangel Land. It seems probable that Lieutenant De Long, after proceeding up the coast of this supposed Arctic continent far enough to assure himself that it was nothing more than an island of trifling extent and importance, turned around it to the northwestward and began working his way through the ice in the direction of the "Great Polynia" or open sea, found by the Russian explorers Hedenstrom, Wrangel and Anjou north of the New Siberian Islands. There, he had reason to believe, he would find navigable water very early in the Spring, if not throughout the Winter, and there he doubtless hoped he would be able to make a nearer approach to the Pole than on the meridian of Behring Strait. How far he succeeded in getting to the northwestward before he was frozen up for the Winter in the pack we have no means of knowing, but probably not more than 200 miles, as the navigable season was drawing to a close before he fairly entered the ice. The *Jeannette* seems to have passed the first Winter in safety, although without the shelter of land, and to have spent the Summer of 1880 in struggling through the pack in the course which Lieutenant De Long had previously decided to pursue. Before the ship was again imprisoned by the coming on of the Winter of 1880-1 she had probably pushed 400 miles further to the westward and northward and reached the region where, according to Russian accounts, the "Polynia," or open sea, ought to be found, but where, evidently, it did not exist. Here the *Jeannette* passed in the ice her second Winter. About the time when the pack would naturally break up and be set in motion by the Spring gales, the ship was nipped and crushed between heavy floes in latitude 77 north and longitude 157 east, about 150 miles northeast of the Island of New Siberia. Her crew abandoned her and started in three small boats for the Siberian coast, the nearest part of which lay three hundred miles to the southward. The route which they probably followed to the mouth of the Lena is indicated on the map by a dotted line. When we shall have received the full details of this retreat upon the Siberian settlements, which occupied just 100 days, and which covered a distance of more than 500 miles, we shall, doubtless, find that it was marked by skill, courage and endurance of the very highest order. One hundred days in an open boat is a terrible experience, even in clear water, and in temperate latitudes, but it is a far severer and more crucial test of manhood in an Arctic region and an ice-choked sea, where day after day and week after week must be spent in the exhausting, heart-breaking toil of dragging heavily loaded sledges over the rugged ice-floes which separate the "Polynias," or spaces of open

water. About the middle of September, when the three boats were only fifty miles from the mouth of the Lena, they were separated by fog and storm. Boat number three, under command of Master Danenhauer, reached its destination on the 19th, and boat number one, under Lieutenant De Long, came ashore in another place soon afterwards. Boat number two, under Lieutenant Chipp, the second officer, had not been heard from when the messenger started from the mouth of the river for Yakoutsk with the news of the disaster.

The north coast of Siberia, upon which the survivors of the *Jeannette* have been thrown, is, perhaps, the most dreary and desolate part of the whole Russian Empire. For hundreds of miles back from the Arctic Ocean the country consists entirely of great steppes, known in Siberia as "Toondras," which in Summer are almost impassable wastes of soft spongy moss, and in Winter trackless deserts of snow. The coast in places and the rivers which intersect it are specially inhabited by natives known as Yakouts, Yookaghirs and Toongooz, who have become partly civilized or Russified by intercourse with the conquerors of the country, and who are a kind-hearted, hospitable people. They will make Lieutenant De Long and his men as comfortable as possible in their warm, semi-subterranean "Yourts," and will doubtless bring them up the river on sledges this Winter to the City of Yakoutsk. The distance is 1,200 or 1,400 miles, and the journey will occupy a month or six weeks. From Yakoutsk to America the crew of the *Jeannette* may take any one of three different routes, which are shown by the dotted lines on the map:

First—They may go overland to St. Petersburg by the Imperial Russian Post, via Irkutsk, Tomsk, Omsk, Ekaterinburg and Moscow.

Second—They may be sent eastward across the Stanovia Mountains on reindeer sledges to the seaport of Okhotsk, on the Okhotsk Sea, and there be called for next Summer by a vessel from America.

Third—They may go up the Lena River by post this Winter, or by steamer in the Spring, and thence by post or steamer down the Amoor to Nikolaevsk, where they may be called for as soon as navigation opens in the Summer by one of our ships from the Asiatic station.

The first of these routes, taking them in the order mentioned, is the longest and involves most expense for transportation, but on the other hand it is by far the most expeditious in point of time. If Lieutenant De Long and his men, or any part of them, should be brought up the Lena River this Winter in time to leave Yakoutsk by post on the 1st of February, they could reach St. Petersburg before the end of March and be in America before the end of April. There is no other route by which they could reach this country earlier than midsummer. I came by post from Yakoutsk to St. Petersburg in the Winter of 1867-68 in forty-five traveling days, and Lieutenant De Long and his men, if not broken in health, could do the same. The Imperial Russian Post has stations and relays of fresh horses every twenty or thirty miles throughout the entire distance between Yakoutsk and the eastern railway terminus of European Russia, and travelers have no difficulty in making from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five miles every twenty-four hours. The cost of transportation from Yakoutsk to St. Petersburg by this route I estimate at \$300 for each man, including subsistence.

The second route mentioned—that from Yakoutsk to the Okhotsk Sea, across the Stanovia Mountains—is the shortest as regards actual distance, but travel over it involves a great deal of hardship, and I am not sure that the transportation facilities which it affords would meet the requirements of as large a party as that of Lieutenant De Long. The Russian Government relies for the transportation of its mails over this route upon the wandering bands of Toongooz who inhabit the mountains and who carry couriers and travelers from one of their encampments to another in reindeer sledges. The distance from Yakoutsk to the Okhotsk seacoast is about six hundred miles, and I made it in the Autumn of 1867, with very bad roads, in twenty-one days.

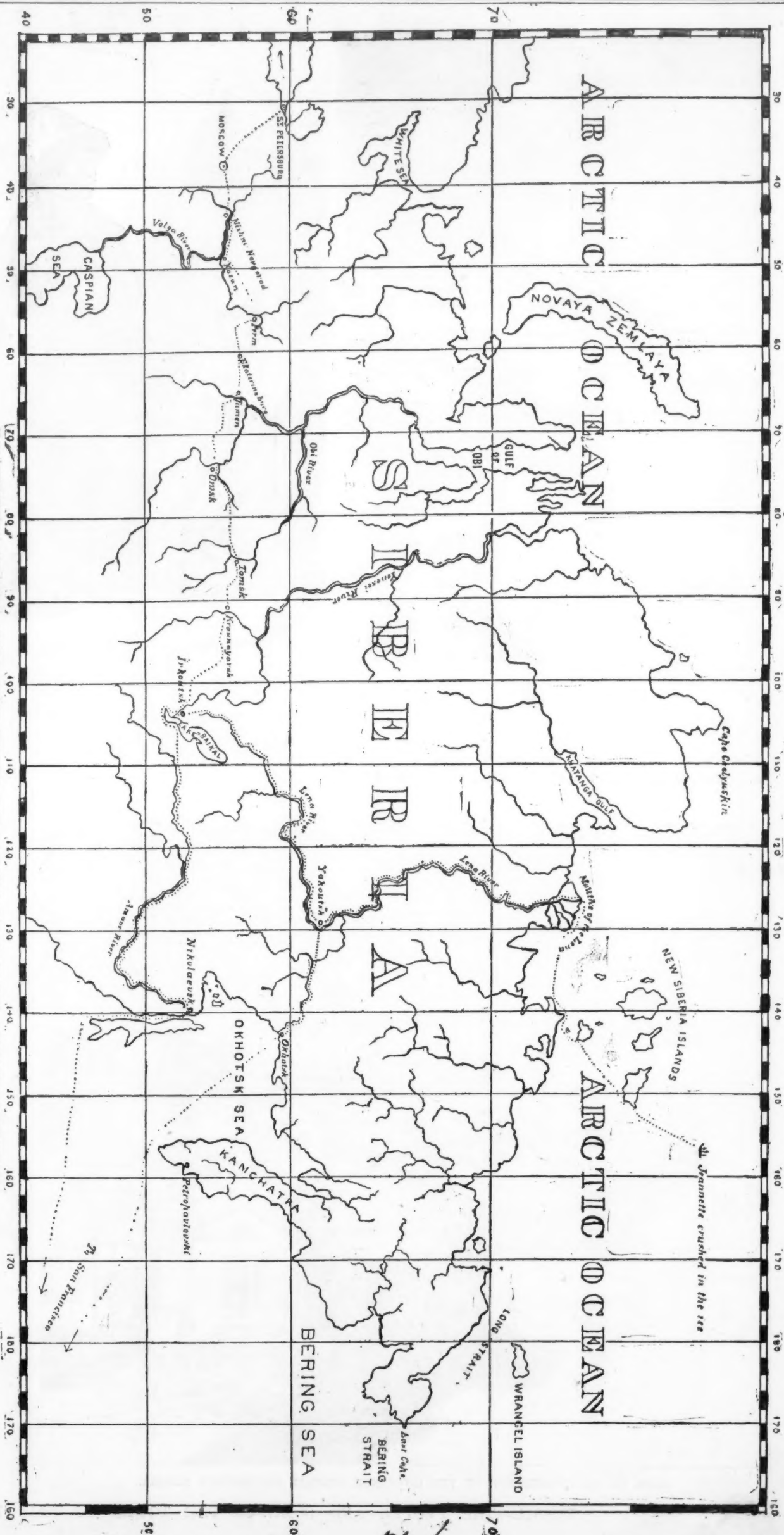
The third alternative route—viz., up the Lena to Irkutsk and down the Amoor to Nikolaevsk—is entirely practicable both in Winter and Summer in sleighs or in steamers. The distance, following the windings of the rivers, is 2,500 miles or more, but four-fifths of it can be made in Summer by the steamers of the Lena and Amoor River Navigation companies.

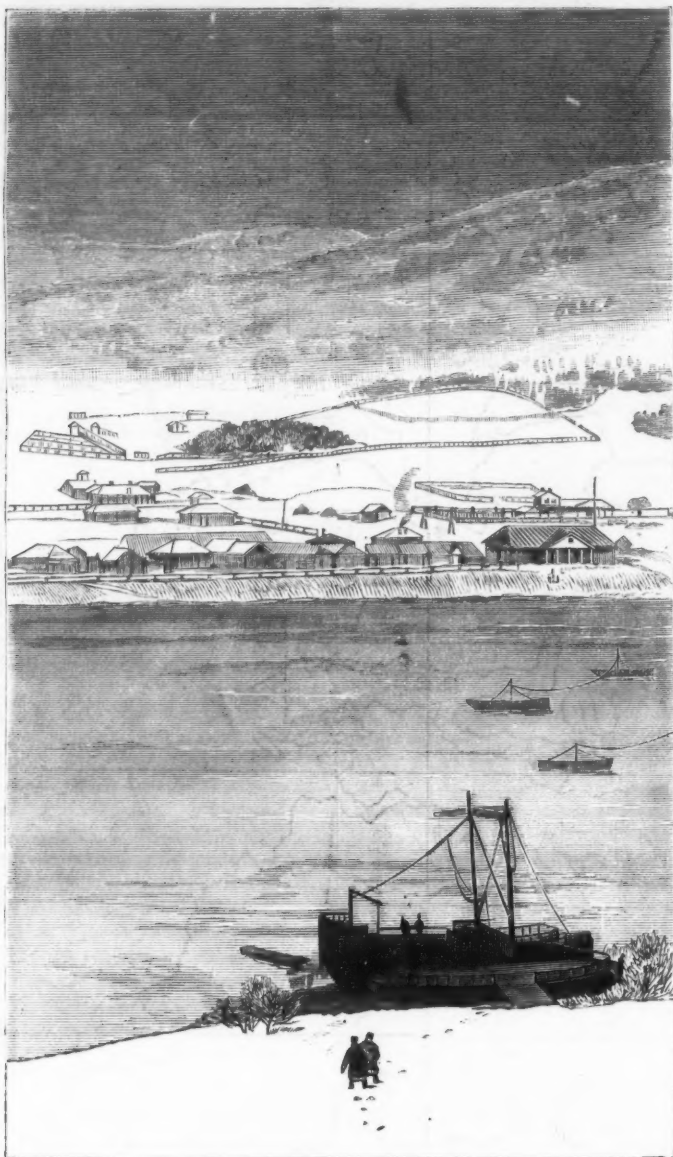
Taking into consideration the advantages and disadvantages of the above outlined routes, all of which I have traveled wholly or in part, it seems to me that the first and the last are those from which a choice should be made. If the survivors of the *Jeannette* arrive at Yakoutsk early enough in the Winter, and if they are physically in a fit condition to undertake an overland journey, it is my judgment that Lieutenant De Long and his men should come home through Asia by the Imperial Russian Post. If, on the other hand, they do not reach Yakoutsk by February, or if their health and strength are not such as to make the overland journey safe and practicable, they should wait at Yakoutsk until the opening of the season of navigation and then go up the Lena to Irkutsk and down the Amoor to Nikolaevsk by steamer. From Nikolaevsk they can be brought to America by a ship detailed for the purpose. The expense of transporting the party to America by this route will not be half as great as that involved in an overland trip to St. Petersburg, and the men, if they take this course, will not be called upon to suffer the hardships of another Winter journey in a climate of extraordinary severity.

Until the shipwrecked party arrive at Yakoutsk there will be some ground for anxiety with regard to them on account of the physical condition to which they have doubtless been reduced by the terrible hardships they have undergone. At Yakoutsk, however, they will find everything which they need to restore them to health and strength, and their journey homeward from there will be one of perfect safety and of comparative ease and comfort.

GEORGE LENNAX.

MAP OF SIBERIA AND THE ARCTIC OCEAN, SHOWING THE PROBABLE ROUTE OF THE "JEANNETTE" SURVIVORS.

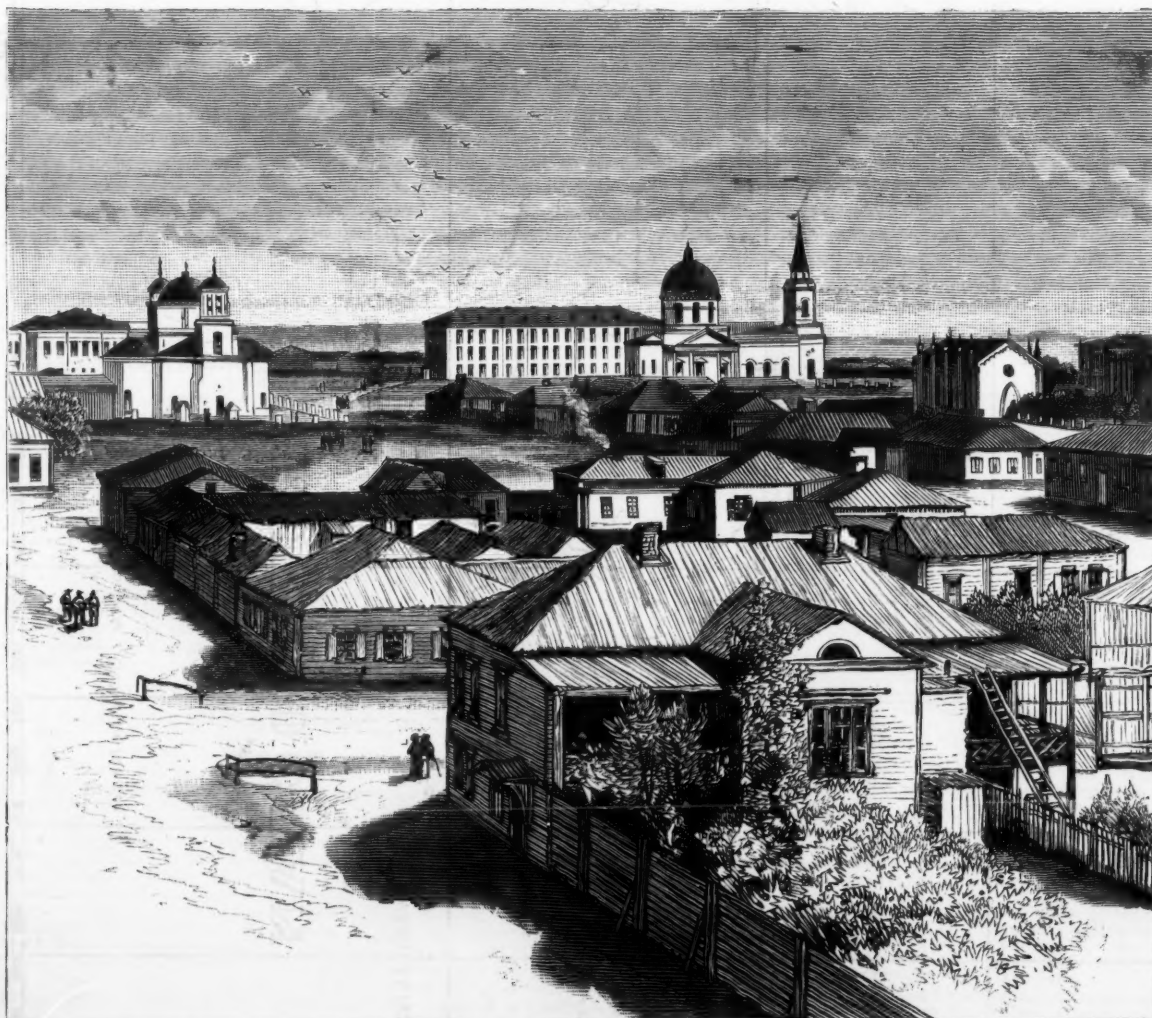




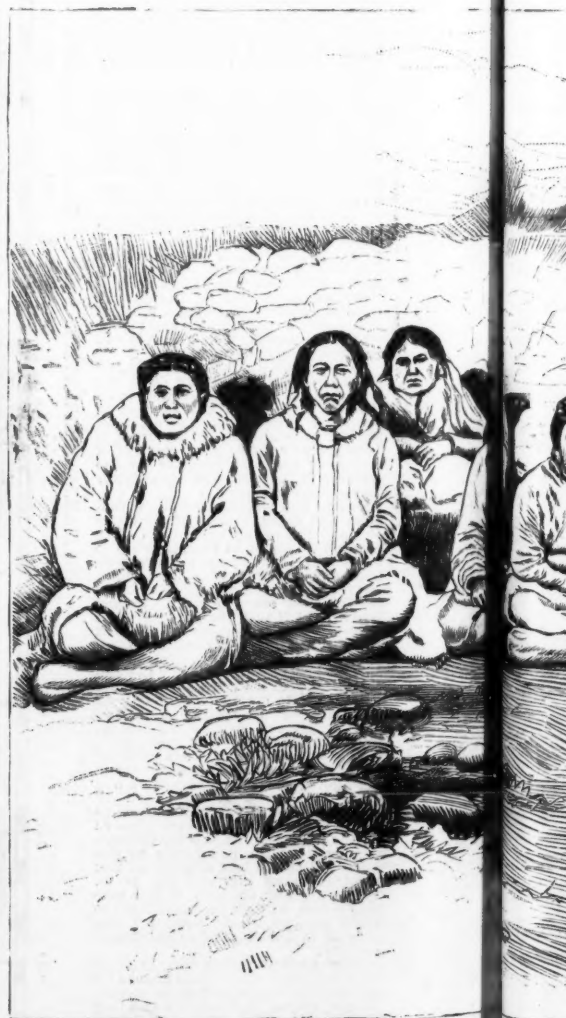
STRETINSK, LAST STATION FOR STEAMERS NAVIGATING THE AMOOR



KIRGIZ OF THE BEGGAR CLASS



TOWN OF OMSK, RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF WESTERN SIBERIA.

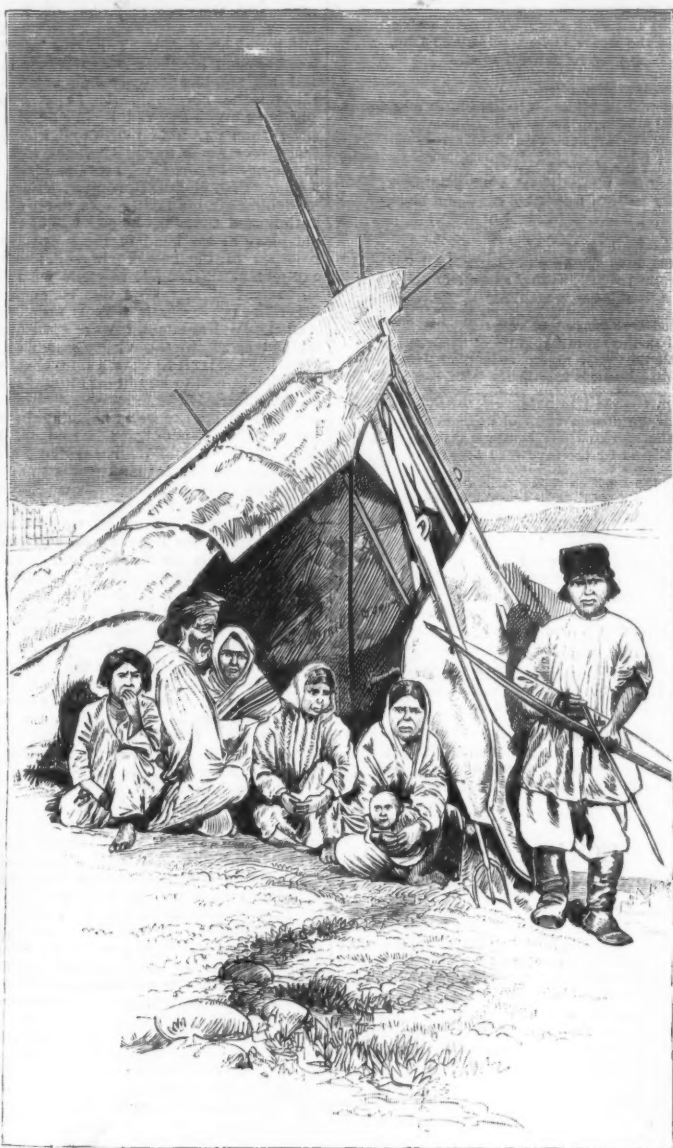


GROUP OF TOONGOOZ, INHABITING THE

RUSSIA.—THE PEOPLE AND SOME OF THE TOWNS OF THAT PART OF WESTERN SIBERIA WHICH



KIRGIZ OF THE WEALTHIER CLASS.



OSTIAKS, INHABITING BASIN OF OBI.



ING TH THE ARCTIC OCEAN, LOWER YENISEI.



TOBOLSK, CHIEF TOWN OF THE GOVERNMENT OF SAME NAME.

IA WHICH THE "JEANNETTE" SURVIVORS WILL PROBABLY RETURN TO THEIR HOMES.—SEE PAGE 346.

PARTING AND GREETING.

INTO the dark unknown
The Old Year goeth, with the passing bell;
High in the windy towers, bleak and lone,
They ring its funeral knell—
Into the trackless sea—
Deeper than plummet-lines of faith may sound,
Into the silence of Eternity
That clasps our tumult round—
The Old Year sinks at last
Under the weltering tides for ever more;
A goodly galleon tossed by wave and blast,
And wrecked in sight of shore!
O God! for all its freight
Of precious things unmeasured! all the gold
Of human passion, wrought in strife and heat,
And sufferings manifold—
Gathered and heaped in vain!
Lost in the shoreless gulfs of Time it lies,
With all the bitter myrrh of human pain,
And bootless sacrifice!
Up from the sea-line pale,
From the dim mystery of unsounded seas,
From shores untrodden comes a shining sail,
Kissed by the landward breeze.
And all the belfries rock
With clash and clang of wild exultant bells;
Through the fierce clamor of their iron shock
A jubilate awells,
Ring the New Year in!
Greeting those white sails, spread to catch
The ray
That pours unshadowed from the heavens divine
Upon this newborn day!
O year unproved, untried!
With reverent hearts we wait upon the strand
To greet thee, borne upon Time's measured tide,
In from the silent land—
And yet, O God! we know
That dearer things lie sunken in the sea—
And o'er the Old Year's wreck and ruin flow
The tideless mysteries of Eternity!

G. A. DAVIS.

A CLOUDED NAME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"THIS anxiety and brooding over the past will kill her, after all," Clara Wilmer was saying to herself, as her hands superintended the ceaseless round of her busy sewing-machine, and her eyes wandered to where Estelle was arranging the handful of purple and red leaves, ferns and berries which she had brought in from her walk. "She does not forget; it is preying on her heart," thought Clara, marking how the feverish unrest burned in carnation brightness upon the delicate cheek, enhancing its beauty, but suggesting anxious thoughts to the watchful friend. "That wretch will have murdered her, too. If she could only meet some one else!" Clara's eyes went a little further and glanced out of the window to where the long avenue of Beechwood Manor stretched away in a russet line into the blue distance. "If the Manor were only inhabited again!" Clara's thoughts wandered further than her eyes in the sort of dream in which happy matrons love to indulge on behalf of their solitary sisters. "That would set it all right," concluded the vicarage, briskly twirling her wheel and coming back from a long muse. "That" was buried in the depths of her own consciousness.

The vicar came in presently from a long round of parish visits, opening the drawing-room door and stepping with the briskness of a man who has news to communicate—where news is at a premium, too.

"Guess what I have heard to-day," said he, as he threw himself down in his chair. "Estelle, come and give me a cup of tea, and I will reward you by telling you my news—if Clara can't guess it in the meantime."

"Somebody is married or engaged," said his wife.

"Quite characteristic, but incorrect," returned her husband. "I wonder why a woman's first idea in connection with news is matrimonial."

"The bishop has given somebody a good living—not you, John!" cried Clara.

The vicar laughed.

"No, indeed," said he. "But, after that last guess, I am afraid even my piece of news will fall very flat."

"It is always a mistake to raise people's expectations"—Clara pretended to pout as she pushed aside her work-stand and came across to the tea table. "I don't think much of your news beforehand, John. Thanks"—to Estelle, taking her tea. "Still you may as well tell us what it is."

"Sir Wilfrid Drummond is coming home at last."

"The very thing!" cried Clara, setting down her cup and clapping her hands. "I am so glad they are coming!"

"So am I," replied the vicar. "It will be good for the parish to have a resident landlord again. If Sir Wilfrid fulfills the promise of his youth, he will be an acquisition to the neighborhood. He was a fine lad."

"Now confess," said the vicar, the next time he and his wife were alone together, "that there was some special and particular significance in your exclamation, 'The very thing' when I announced the Drummonds' return this afternoon. What plot are you hatching now in that clever brain of yours?"

"Don't be suspicious or inquisitive!" retorted his wife. "Have I not given you reasons in plenty—good, substantial reasons?"

"I should like to know the reason."

"Would you?" returned Clara, with a saucy little moue.

The vicar laughed and let her have the last word—partly, he acknowledged, because, being a woman, he knew she would get it.

The Drummonds themselves followed very quickly upon the announcement of their return, and the reoccupation of Beechwood Manor caused a stir and excitement in the quiet neighborhood. The late baronet had lived abroad for some years before his death, and his young successor had not visited the place since his boyhood. Lady Drummond had been much beloved by her neighbors, and her return was hailed with delight. Moreover there was much curiosity about and interest in the new baronet, who was understood to be a young man of great promise. The period of mourning for his father was over, and it was anticipated that Beechwood would resume its old place at the head of the hospitalities and gayeties of the neighborhood. The wave of excitement floated even Estelle with the rest. Movement of any kind was congenial to the feverish restlessness which possessed her. And Lady Drummond was charming. She walked down to the vicarage, a day or two after her arrival, to have a long chat with her old friends, and to be put *au courant* respecting all the affairs of the village.

"I am so glad to be at home again amongst our own dear people," she said, with a sigh and a smile. "And Wilfrid is like a schoolboy home for the holidays. He was to come with me to see you; but somebody wanted him just at the moment of starting, and I would not wait. He is called every way at the same moment; and we have a party of gentlemen staying with us for the shooting. Miss Verney—is this Miss Verney?"—as Estelle entered the room. "Ah, I need not ask—I can see! My dear, you must let me kiss you. I knew you when you were quite a little girl."

The tears in her eyes, the sympathetic tenderness of her manner, won the girl's sad heart in a moment. She remembered how her mother had known and loved Lady Drummond.

"Cannot you all come and dine with us? Let me see. To-day is Wednesday—shall we say Friday?" Lady Drummond asked, as she took her leave. "It is Wilfrid's only chance of really seeing you."

The invitation was accepted as cordially as it was given, and Clara Wilmer was in a flutter on the score of toilet. Not her own; that was decided upon at once, and without any difficulty. Her one dinner-dress, the pearl-gray silk, trimmed with her wedding lace, was in good order, and saved her all the embarrassment of choice. It was Estelle's toilet which occupied Clara. The question as to whether rich cream silk or simple girlish white muslin would be the more suitable attire for the occasion appeared to be one of paramount importance. The elegant Parisian dresses, which had never been taken out of the trunks until now, were spread out in Estelle's room, and Clara went from one to another, knitting her fair brow and pondering deeply, with a gravity and earnestness worthy of Madame de Rougemont herself.

"The silk is beautiful," she said; "but I am not sure that it does not make you look too old. The muslin is so girlish."

"What does it matter?" said Estelle, wearily.

"Not much, I dare say," answered Clara; "you will look well in any one of them. But I have a desire to see you look your best. Remember that I have never seen you in your evening fineries. I don't know what a real, genuine Parisian toilet is like; and I am deeply fond of finery, although you wouldn't think it. I delight in the thought of seeing you 'dressed up.' Now, what shall it be?"—returning to her anxious deliberations—"simplicity, or a statuesque richness, or artistic combination, or—"

A soft clinging Indian muslin, trimmed with delicate laces, finished with that graceful perfection of French art which, to the uninitiated, looks like simplicity, satisfied Mrs. Wilmer at last; and she forgot all about her own country dressmaking in the triumphant pride of her chaperonage.

"I never realized before how pleasant it is to take a pretty girl out!" she said to her husband. "I dare say Madame de Rougemont liked to have Estelle with her. Poor lady! I can understand how disappointed she must have been when her plans for her failed. No doubt, she was doing what she thought best for her."

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind," quoted the vicar, sentimentally, *à propos* of nothing.

Clara colored and dropped the subject.

"Miss Verney has grown up a very lovely girl," Lady Drummond remarked to the vicar's wife, as they waited for the announcement of dinner, looking across to where Sir Wilfrid was eagerly renewing his acquaintance with his old playmate. "She has all her mother's sweetness, and a something besides—I don't know what it is—which makes her exceedingly interesting to me."

Was it the kindred touch of sorrow and suffering which breathed through the girl's young beauty, like the minor chords in a brilliant melody, and awoke an answering recognition in the elder woman's too experienced heart?

"It is quite a responsible charge for you," Lady Drummond said to Mrs. Wilmer.

"It is a very dear one," Clara answered warmly. Then, just as she was debating whether she should tell Lady Drummond as much of Estelle's history for the last two years as could be told without allusion to Tempest Mervyn, the move to the dining-room was made and the conversation broke off.

"She is too pale to-night," thought Clara, glancing uneasily down the long table at her charge. The white was a mistake after all. The tinge of color would have been better.

Just then Estelle raised her eyes and the rich carnation flashed into her cheeks like an inspiration. Clara looked curiously up and down the line of guests to discover the cause, but failed to do so. Estelle's next neighbor was an elderly squire who was laboriously making conversation whilst the soup was being handed. There was nothing very exciting in his proximity, Clara felt sure. Sir

Wilfrid's glances followed Mrs. Wilmer's very often, it was true, but Estelle had already borne that ordeal with great equanimity. Opposite to her were half a dozen gentlemen—all strangers, so far as Clara knew. Most of them were young men; none of them apparently were insensible to the attraction of a rarely beautiful face on the other side of the meandering rivulet of bright flowers which represented the hospitable board. But still Clara's curiosity was not satisfied; and she acceded herself and came back to her dinner and her host's conversation.

"I am a very bad chaperon," she thought. "I must really leave things to arrange themselves. I am making myself ridiculous, watching Estelle as if she were an awkward country debutante of sixteen, instead of a young lady who has 'come out' in Paris and had an offer from a duke."

After that, Clara Wilmer kept her eyes sedulously turned away from Estelle's direction and tried to forget her responsibilities and her disquiet. Sir Wilfrid was making himself very agreeable; she was seated on his left hand, and he soon absorbed all her attention. He was charming, she concluded, with the old frank manner of his youth unspoiled, and grafted on to it the traveled intelligence and courteous breeding he had gained abroad. The dignity of his new position sobered his youthful eagerness, and sat. Clara thought, very gracefully on him. Altogether, she approved of him; and a little dream of hers gained color and proportion and almost came out of the land of the ideal as she talked to him.

Then out of the hum of conversation which had been growing louder and more demonstrative about her there suddenly dropped a word, a name which struck the vicar's wife like a blow.

"Tempest Mervyn," somebody said; and Clara Wilmer almost started from her seat at the sound. She glanced once more—timidly this time—at Estelle. The girl's eyes were flashing, her cheeks burning. Sir Wilfrid leaned forward, listening eagerly. He, like Mrs. Wilmer, had missed the beginning of the conversation which seemed to be exciting general attention at this point.

"Have you seen the evening papers, colonel?" Estelle's neighbor had asked, speaking across the table to a military-looking man with a short, black mustache.

"Yes," answered the other. "I waited in town on purpose just now. The mail is in, and the Indian news is not very encouraging. There is a good deal of sickness amongst our men at the front. Fact is, the campaign ought to have been finished before the hot weather set in. The usual bungling and delay at headquarters!" grumbled the old soldier. "A reconnoitring party belonging to the—th nearly fell into a trap the other day. Nothing seems to teach our fellows wisdom! They walked into it, sir—actually walked into it! Their officer was killed, and they would have been cut off to a man if it hadn't been for the splendid conduct of an officer of the—th. He had warning of the thing from a friendly native half an hour after the party had started. He got together a handful of men—without even waiting for orders—and rode hard and fast after them. He came up in the nick of time, just as the rascals were upon them, rallied the men and faced round, killed three of the niggers with his own hand, and covered the retreat of the party. When they had got out of it, one of the number was missing. It was his own servant, and the man had last been seen in the act of cutting down a fellow who was aiming at his master's head. Our hero rode straight back—into the jaws of death—and, with the black scoundrels swarming round him, picked up the poor fellow—he was badly wounded—and brought him out behind him on his own horse. There wasn't a man lost in the whole affair."

"Bravo! Splendid! Awfully plucky thing! He ought to get the Victoria Cross!" exclaimed the colonel's audience.

"He's safe to have it," answered the old officer.

"What's his name? Who is he?" asked several voices.

"Don't know," said the colonel. "There's some muddle with the telegrams. One calls him Murwin, another Tempest. He was with the—th, a volunteer, I think."

"I have had a private message," said a young gentleman seated next to the colonel and directly opposite to Estelle, speaking in a clear, distinct voice, which sounded slightly aggressive, too. "The man is Lieutenant Tempest Mervyn, of ours."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the colonel, laying down his knife and fork. "The man who—there was that queer story about him, you know, in the Spring."

"A county coroner thought he had discovered a mare's nest, and the newspapers gave it tongue like a pack of hounds in full cry—that was all, sir," said Georgie Armstrong—for it was he—his brown cheeks a little flushed and his honest gray eyes looking with a little stare of defiance round upon the company. "Mr. Mervyn is the best friend I have in the world," he added.

"I congratulate you on your friendships, Armstrong," said the pleasant voice of the young host, breaking a momentary but awkward silence. "If they are always as happy as this one, you are a lucky fellow."

The keynote was sounded, and the revolution of feeling was instantaneous and enthusiastic.

"Pon my soul, it's an intolerable thing that low-bred beggars of that sort should be permitted to drag a gentleman's name through the mire! It's scandalous!" exclaimed Estelle's squire, hotly, if vaguely. "The scoundrels ought to be prosecuted. I wish I had them up before me!"

"He's a fine fellow, sir!" said the colonel shortly, turning round to shake hands with Georgie, with an emphasis which expressed "And so are you, too."

But Georgie's brain was in a whirl, his big heart bumping tumultuously against his side. He scarcely heard the colonel's commendation; he was insensible to the buzz of mingled indignation and admiration about him. His championship had been rewarded by a glance from the loveliest eyes in the world, eloquent with thanks, misty with tears; and that glance had fallen like a spark upon the combustible material of Lieutenant Armstrong's heart. The young man's hour had come, and well he knew it.

"Where the dickens have I seen her before?" he was asking himself, forgetting to answer the colonel's questions, heedless of the butler's offers of champagne. "Could I have forgotten? It has been bothering me ever since I sat down. Ah, now I have it!"

The scene on the beach at Wintlesholme flashed into his mind—the red wet shingle, the low-lying rocks, the sunset glow, the softly pulsing water, and the mist-gray figure sitting alone upon the shore. It was all photographed in an instant upon Lieutenant Georgie's mental retina.

"By George, I am in luck!" he exclaimed to himself. "Tim is an invaluable ally. The boy must be somewhere in the background. Is he a nephew or a cousin, I wonder? He will be an introduction, at all events."

(To be continued.)

SIBERIA—ITS TOWNS AND PEOPLE.

THIS vast stretch of territory forms the greater part of Russian Asia, and occupies the entire northern tier of the continent from the Ural Mountains on the west to the Pacific Ocean on the east, and from the Arctic Ocean on the north to Lowkistan and Mongolia on the south. It is a vast barren plain, covered with snow during the greater part of the year, and some of it all the year round. It is watered by numerous rivers flowing into the Arctic Ocean, the principal being the Obi, Yenisei and Lena, and all being frozen for nine or ten months of the year. Large quantities of silver are found, and its mines are the dreadful scenes of penal labor for Russian convicts, political and criminal. The Siberian steppes are bounded on the south by forests of pine, birch and willow. The Siberian pine, with edible seeds, reaches the height of 126 feet. North of the sixtieth parallel the ground is perpetually frozen at a very small depth below the surface. When the snow melts the plains are clothed with mosses and lichens, mixed with dwarf willows, and the swamps and morasses with coarse grass, sedges and rushes. In the far north the plants live between the air and the earth, their tops scarcely rising above the soil, while the roots creep along the very surface. The *Salix lanata*, the giant of these miniature forests, never grows more than five inches high, while its stem, ten or twelve feet long, lies hidden among the moss. Of wild animals the most numerous are the reindeer, wolf, fox and white bear.

Three hundred years have elapsed since the Russians made themselves an Asiatic power by the conquest of Siberia. They have not greatly civilized her. Siberia covers 7,300,000 square miles; that is, more than twice as large as European Russia. Yet her population is scarcely three millions and a half, against the seventy-five millions of European Russia. In Russia proper there are thirty inhabitants to every two square miles, and in Siberia there is only one.

In Siberia there are eight provinces, each ruled by a Governor, and these provinces are grouped into Western Siberia and Eastern Siberia, each ruled by a Governor-General. The Governors-General and the Governors, with their civil and military officers, exercise exclusive administrative, legislative and judicial powers for the whole population of Siberia. In fact, the Siberian Government of today differs in very little from that of three centuries ago, when Vayvodes were sent, with absolute power of life and death, to rule the Siberian people.

The river Yenisei divides Siberia into two distinct parts. That to the west of it is watered by its affluents and the Obi. It contains the towns Tobolsk, Omsk and Tomsk among others. The railway between Ekaterinburg and Perm has brought improved means of communication to within a short distance of Tobolsk, and both the Irkutsk and the Obi rivers being navigable, a country as large as European Russia has, therefore, been opened up for colonization. What has been done to the south of this region in Semipalatinsk should suffice to show how much could be accomplished in the more promising country lying northward on the banks of the Irkutsk. The second part to the east of the Yenisei is watered by the Lena, the Amur and their tributaries, and is considerably larger than the first. It contains, among others, the towns of Irkutsk, Yakutsk and Khatanga. A much larger portion of its surface is uncultivated than is the case in West Siberia, but there can be no doubt that it has the greater natural wealth of the two. Not to speak of the celebrated mines of Nerchinsk, the whole of the vicinity of Lake Baikal is a reservoir of coal, lead, iron and other precious metals. The trade of Khatanga is the greatest in Siberia. The town is the key of the caravan route to Pekin. The overland trade which is and has been for a hundred years, carried on between China and the cities of Russia in Europe, all passes from Malmachin, the Chinese frontier town, to Khatanga, and thence through Siberia to Moscow and Nijni-Novgorod. It is the one trade avenue of which Russia possesses undisputed possession. The cost of transport is so great, however, that no solid benefit is derived from the monopoly, and several generations must pass away before the two thousand miles that intervene between Orenburg and Khatanga will have been bridged by means of either a railway or a steam tramway.

It is nearly impossible to enumerate the native tribes, which are as yet semi-nomadic, and which are as follows: Zyrians, Samoeds, Ostiaks, Tchepetigs, Buriats, Jacuts, Kamchagals, Tchukchies, Tchuvashies, Koriaks, Kamchadals and Vogules. The change that has taken place within the last twenty years, and it is a very remarkable one, has not originated with the imperial functions. It has sprung from the action of the Siberians themselves, four millions of people occupying an equal number of square miles. By their energy and capar, with incessant toil, yet on their own resources—no foreign loan having been either invited or incurred—cities have risen where for generations there were only villages, and sometimes nothing but block houses; great rivers are being navigated, a systematic plan of irrigation has been drawn up and in part carried out, and an extensive and growing trade has been fostered, until at last Siberia, the convict settlement, the bourse of the political enthusiast and the fanatic Socialist, the despair of families and the hope of none, has become not only a country with what is styled a future, but the province in Asia which holds forth the most promising prospect to the Russian people of affording a remunerative outlet for their energy and capar. There are many free settlers in Siberia, both in town and country, as well as the native Siberian tribes, the "exiles" form the most marked portion of the population; and if we take into account them and their descendants, as well as convicts whose sentences have expired, and who have remained in the country—they form the most numerous portion of the population. No traveler can have journeyed along the post-route leading

from Nijni-Novgorod, over the Ural, across Siberia by way of Tjumen, Tobolsk, Tomsk or Yeniseisk, without meeting long strings of exiles, some of whom have been on the road six, eight or ten months, and sometimes—as in the case of those destined for the settlements on the Amoor River and Kamtschatka—even two years. The worst are chained, but except in the vicinity of the towns through which they may pass, great leniency is usually shown to the "unfortunates," as with kindly tolerance the exiles are styled by the country people. The women and children—especially when they are the families of the convicts, permitted to accompany them—are usually conveyed in wagons, or, further north, in reindeer or dog sledges; while political prisoners of rank, once they are clear of the large cities, may be seen consorting with the officers of the guard, and even sharing their meals in their block-houses along the route.

TEXAN COWBOYS ON A HOLIDAY EXCURSION.

THE cowboy of the great cattle ranges in the West and Southwest is a distinct genus. He is unlike any other being. He enters upon his business life when he is seven years old, and in nine cases out of ten he dies a cowboy, even should he reach the age of Methuselah. His pet is his horse; his toy a revolver; a source of intense pride, his hat—a broad-brimmed straw or wool affair. Leather leggings are worn over his pantaloons, and heavy top-boots, with high heels and enormous spurs, protect his feet. His lariat is composed of eight pliable rawhide thongs, plaited into a rope forty feet long and half an inch thick. With this he can almost lasso a streak of lightning. Where there is no "chute," formed by running parallel lines of fencing, or a corral, where your cattle can be branded, the cowboy is brought into requisition to catch the animals for the branders. Slipping about eight feet of the end of his lariat through the iron ring at the end, and putting a loop at the other end over the pomel of his saddle, he gathers its coils in his bridle hand, holding the noose in his right, and gives his horse the spur. When the cowboy is near enough to the animal he desires, he dexterously throws the loop over the head or forehead of the scampering cow. The trained horse is checked, and quickly turns to await the shock that comes the moment the cow has run the length of the lariat. In an instant the cow is brought to the ground, where the branders seize her by the head and tail, and press the branding-iron to her skin.

When on the trail, the cowboy is compelled to guard the herd during the night, the force being divided into several reliefs. In case of a stampede he must ride night and day, and "round-up" the fugitives. Stampedes occur frequently during a drive, especially during the first days, before the herd get accustomed to the slow, regular walk. A thunderstorm is sure to scatter a herd, but almost any unusual noise or movement will send them off. When "off" the cowboy is a terror in the eyes of the way they manifest their exuberance of spirits. Two or three will dash through a town, and, before the people know what is going on, will have robbed every store of importance and made their escape. Veteran settlers and stage-drivers regard them as the incarnation of devilry, and everybody fears them. They practice a kind of guerrilla warfare during their brief and infrequent holidays in the towns, and, with the local means of protecting life and property, it is generally conceded that the best policy is to let them have their own way. Two have defied successfully a dozen constables, and a score could circumvent an entire company of militia. The cowboy is indispensable to ranchmen, but he is a constant source of peril to the settler and small tradesman. He has no fear; respects no law; only wants to have a jolly good shaking up once in a while to keep himself limber and healthy.

A "PIRATES' HAUNT" DEMOLISHED.

WE give on page 319 an illustration of a historic structure on the Benson estate at Weehawken Cove, New Jersey, which is now being demolished to make way for the cattle-yard of the Erie Railway Company. The house, built of imported Dutch brick and stone, was often the target for British bullets and cannon-balls during the Revolutionary War. Its original inhabitant was the pirate Beard, who was finally hanged at Batavia by the Dutch. Although Beard was an Englishman, he was in some of the engagements between the English and Dutch. He was an ally of the latter. Behind the house and separated from it, as was the custom in olden times, is a small house, which was once the abode of slaves, and the kitchen. The view from this extends from the battery to Washington Heights. To the left and above it is the old King's Farm, with its wealth of scenery and historical associations. The locality possesses a peculiar interest in consequence of its proximity to the dueling-ground where Aaron Burr killed Alexander Hamilton.

HON. W. H. CALKINS,

CHAIRMAN OF THE HOUSE COMMITTEE ON ELECTIONS.

HON. W. H. CALKINS, Chairman of the important Committee on Elections of the House of Representatives, was born in Pike County, Ohio, February 18th, 1842. He resided there until October, 1863, when he removed with his father's family to Benton County, Ind. In 1866 his father was elected Auditor of that county, and the son remained in his office as deputy until the Fall of 1868, when he accepted employment with Hon. W. S. Single, then—as now—the editor and proprietor of the *Lafayette Daily Courier*. He remained with Mr. Single nearly two years; during this time, however, he attended for three months "Boya's Commercial and Law College," at Louisville, Ky. During the latter part of his service with the *Courier* he became connected with it editorially. In May, 1861, he entered the Union army as a private soldier under the three months' call. He re-enlisted from Iowa in September of that year, and served two years as Lieutenant in Company H of the Fourteenth Iowa Volunteer Infantry. While connected with that regiment he participated in the Fort Henry, Fort Donelson and Shiloh engagements. On the first day of the fight in the latter engagement, at five o'clock in the evening, April 6th, 1862, the remnant of his regiment, together with the Fifty-eighth Illinois, Eighth Iowa, Twelfth Iowa and Twenty-fifth Missouri, belonging to General W. H. L. Wallace's division, were captured by the enemy, after the bloodiest day's fighting that had ever taken place on this continent. He remained a prisoner of war till the following year, when he was exchanged from Libby Prison and at once re-entered active service. In May, 1863, he resigned to accept a promotion in the Twelfth Indiana cavalry regiment, which was soon after mustered. In February, 1864, he was mustered in as its major, and thereafter served till December, 1865, with that regiment. The latter regiment participated in the Atlanta campaign, also in the engagements about Nashville, and was afterwards placed in the First Brigade, Seventh Division, Cavalry Corps of the West, under General Wilson. The division was subsequently detached and sent from Nashville via New Orleans to Mobile, where it participated in the engagements which finally ended in the surrender of Fort Blakely and Spanish Fort, and the surrender of the city. It then made a raid of some 700 miles through Alabama and Georgia, and, upon Johnston's surrender, was ordered to the trans-Mississippi, but was

stopped at Columbus, Miss., on the news of Kirby Smith's surrender. Major Calkins, at the close of the war, located in Valparaiso, Ind., and began the practice of law. In October, 1866, he was elected Prosecuting Attorney for the Ninth Judicial Circuit, composed of nine counties, and was re-elected in October, 1868. In October, 1870, he was elected a member of the General Assembly of the State of Indiana. In 1874 he was the Republican candidate for Congress in the Tenth Congressional District, and was defeated by Dr. W. S. Hayward. In 1876 he again became the nominee of the Republican party, and was elected to the Forty-fifth Congress, where he served on the Committees of Agriculture and Militia. He was re-elected to the Forty-sixth Congress, and served on the Committee of Elections. The Democratic Legislature having "gerrymandered" the State, he was "set off" in the Thirtieth Congressional District, and was elected to the Forty-seventh Congress from that district. In addition to serving as Chairman of the Committee on Elections, he is also a member of the Committee on Mines and Mining. The Election Committee is one of special importance in view of the unusual number of contested seats—twenty-one in all. Mr. Calkins has already taken steps to bring these cases before the House at the earliest day practicable, and to push them to an early decision. It has been too often the practice to allow cases of this sort to drag along until near the termination of the session before bringing them to a vote, thus working injustice to the principals to the contest, and, at the same time, making the Treasury liable for a large expenditure in the shape of salary and allowances to men who were found to have no legal claim to seats in the House. There are instances when the House did not vote on contested election cases until the very last night of the session, thus allowing two men to draw the salary for one place. Mr. Calkins is determined that such unwarranted delay shall not mark the conduct of the contested election cases during the present session, and it is possible that most of them may be decided by the beginning of April.

NEW MUSIC.

MR. WILLIAM FULLERTON, JR.—the son of Ex-Judge Fullerton—whose talent as a composer we have frequently alluded to, has again come before the public in two songs—"Midnight," words by L. Courtenay; and "Maybe So," words by Josephine Pollard—in both of which he has shown additional proof that he has not mistaken his vocation as a composer of graceful and tender melodies for the voice. In the former ("Midnight") the vocal phrases are simple and flowing, but exceedingly expressive of the poem. The accompaniment is most judiciously conceived and exquisitely written. A constant tremolo, alternating with broken phrase of the vocal melody and sustained arpeggios, suggest what Gottschalk used to call "the analagous gliss which is peculiar to cultured minds." In the second ("Maybe So") the melody is equally graceful, while the accompaniment is principally written in four parts. An arch and delicate delivery by the singer will make this song a charming favorite in the parlor and the concert-room. Both songs are published by Chappell & Co., of London.

The English Channel Tunnel.

SUBSTANTIAL progress has been made in the work of boring the tunnel under the English Channel. On the French side a distance of 1,800 metres and on the English one of 1,600, or 3,400 metres in all, which are something more than one-tenth of the entire distance to be pierced. It is believed that if the required \$100,000,000 can be raised the work might be finished in a comparatively short time. One estimate is that the tunnel could be made fit for traffic in four years. About two months were recently consumed in moving, from the Abbot's Cliff heading to the Shakespeare Cliff, the machinery in use there.

Dinners of the German Emperor.

EMPEROR WILLIAM is in the habit of taking, about 7:30 A. M., a simple coffee with a large allowance of milk, and a couple of small breads without butter. At 1 o'clock P. M. the second breakfast (lunch) is served, alternately cold or warm. The dinner takes place regularly at 5 o'clock. If the Emperor has one or two guests the table is simply set in the lower apartments of the palace, the *menu* remaining the same which he is wont to order for himself, consisting of four or five courses, which the *chef de cuisine* submits early in the morning and the Emperor approves of. If the dinner is a large one, the table is laid in the upper apartments. The invitations are given by the Emperor at an early hour, the arrangement of seats being then and there discussed with the Court Marshals. The invited guests receive their host in a saloon adjoining the dining-room, where the latter, *salutes*, and, after a conversation of ten or fifteen minutes, precedes them to the table. The Emperor takes light claret or Moselle with soda-water, and coffee only occasionally after large dinners. A cup of tea, without milk or bread, after the theatre, concludes the frugal repast of the day. When the Empress is present the *menu* is submitted to her, and, except when a large party is invited, the Emperor takes his dinner in the Empress's apartments.

The Crown Diamonds of France.

THE former crown diamonds of France, now become the national diamonds, have lately come into special notice through the decision taken by the commission of the French Budget to put all these jewels up at auction and devote the produce of the sale to furthering schemes of national welfare. The following details on the subject of the French crown diamonds may be found to present some interest. According to the report prepared in 1838 by the then royal jewelers, Bapst and Lazare, these gems were in number 64,322, weighing 38,751 carats, and estimated to be worth nearly 20,000,000 francs, the precise figure being 29,923,497 francs and 83 centimes. The most celebrated of the jewels is the "Regent," described as follows in the inventory drawn up by order of the constituent assembly of 1791: "A superb diamond, brilliant, white, square of form with rounded corners, weighing 136 carats, and estimated to be worth nearly 2,000,000 francs, 12,000,000 francs." The regent of France, Philip of Orleans, who gave the stone its name, had purchased it for only 2,000,000 francs. After the "Regent" diamond, the finest items among the French crown jewels are the Crown of France, worth 14,702,000 francs; the Plaque du Saint Esprit, worth 386,000 francs; the Gloire Imperiale, 240,700 francs; and the Plaque de la Légion d'Honneur, 45,000 francs. Naturally enough, the crown jewels of France have always excited the cupidity of thieves, and a number of memorable attempts have been made to make away with them. The famous raid of August 19th, 1792, succeeded, as readers of the history of France will not have forgotten; but the singular circumstances under which the authorities regained possession of the precious gems are not so well known. Some time after the theft of August 19th had been accomplished, and after all hope of recovering the jewels had well-nigh been given up, the director of the national prison of the Conciergerie received the visit of a prisoner named Lamieville, a barber, condemned to death. Lamieville, before the execution of his sentence, was anxious to apprise the director that he had overheard, while pretending to

sleep, his fellow-prisoners speaking about the crown jewels, all of which, they said, had been hidden in the offices of a large beam in the garret of a house situated in Paris, at an address which he gave. Though Lamieville's declaration seemed no doubt of a somewhat extravagant nature, the director of the prison did not hesitate to go to the house described, in a street lying between the Champs-Élysées and the Cours-la-Reine, and here were indeed found all the precious stones which had been stolen. As to the patriotic denouncer of the thieves, Lamieville, who had been condemned for the fabrication and emission of counterfeit money, he was pardoned, and sent to the battlefield by the Minister of War, and it even appears that he retrieved on the frontier his disgraceful sentence by great bravery and soldierlike qualities.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Chinese Poll Tax in Australia has been fixed at \$20.

—LUMBER operations in the Northwest are greatly delayed for want of snow.

—A CORRECTED list of the victims of the Ring Theatre fire gives the total as 449.

—THE building operations in Chicago in the year 1881 have cost \$11,600,000.

—MR. SPRINGER, of Illinois, will shortly introduce in the House a Bill establishing postal telegraphy.

—A new steamship line, to run between Trieste, New York and Rio Janeiro, will be started this month.

—THE German authorities have adopted stringent rules for the greater security of theatres against fire.

—THE first part of the money indemnity for the cession of Kuldja has been paid to Russia by the Chinese Government.

—THE last Australian steamer to San Francisco brought about \$415,000 in gold coin and bullion, which goes to the mint.

—THE Italian Government is said to be considering measures the better to secure the liberty and independence of the Pope.

—ANOTHER plot for the assassination of the Czar has been discovered by the St. Petersburg police and the conspirators arrested.

—NINETEEN persons were killed and several seriously injured by an explosion on a steamboat at West Point, Va., on the 26th ult.

—AN American schooner has been fired upon and three of her Japanese crew killed by Alaska Fur Company employes at the Aleutian Islands.

—BETWEEN five and six hundred negroes from Edgedale County, S. C., have gone to Arkansas. They say they found it hard to make a living in South Carolina.

—THE establishment of another court, to consist of fifteen judges, will probably be recommended by the American Bar Association for the relief of the Supreme Court.

—THE German customs officials have contrived to double and treble the tax on many kinds of imported provisions by taxing the wrappers and labels as essential parts of the consignment.

—THE Prussian Cabinet has agreed to the principles of the Bill for the revision of the May Law. The Bill, while removing the more stringent provisions, leaves many safeguards for the authority of the State.

—THE Government of Japan is about to establish a Central Bank, with a capital of \$20,000,000. The object to be accomplished is to render the Government independent of foreign banks, and to encourage direct trade.

—THE Republicans of the House of Representatives will attempt to secure twenty Democratic seats, mostly in the South, by contesting them before the Election Committee, which stands eleven Republicans to four Democrats.

—THE Russian military authorities are considering the subject of the organization of military settlements on the Chinese frontier of Siberia. It is proposed to exempt the peasants there from the payment of taxes and to furnish them with arms.

—EMIGRATION from Germany in 1882 promises to become more colossal than that in 1881. Fourteen thousand tickets have already been taken for transportation by vessels leaving Bremen for America in the Spring. Almost an equal number of emigrants will go from Hamburg.

—THE Khedive of Egypt in his speech at the opening of the Assembly of Notables at Cairo dwelt upon the necessity of progress and of respect for international obligations, but concluded with a reference to the powerful support useful reforms received from the Sultan of Turkey.

—THE Maryland Historical Society proposes to address a petition to the next General Assembly asking that the Colonial and Revolutionary archives of the State may be transferred from Annapolis to Baltimore and placed in its keeping, in order that they may be more accessible to the public.

—PRESIDENT GONZALEZ has invited Senor Matias Romero, formerly Mexican Minister at Washington and three times Secretary of the Treasury of Mexico, to accept an appointment as a special envoy to negotiate a reciprocity treaty of commerce with the United States. Senor Romero will probably accept the position.

—THERE is said to be great indignation at St. Petersburg on the reprehensible conduct of the President of the Administration of Eastern Siberia, who refused to telegraph an announcement of the arrival of the survivors because they were without funds. The first news of their escape was consequently delayed ten weeks.

—PHILLIPS, MARSHALL & Co., of London, have just concluded the purchase of 1,300,000 acres of land from the State of Mississippi. Seven hundred and sixty thousand acres are known as the "levee lands," and are situated mostly in the Yazoo delta, comprising some of the richest cotton and timber land in the South. The intention of the purchasers is to improve, colonize and cultivate these lands.

—SERIOUS disturbances are reported at Canton, in China, where a mob has burned the monastery of Chang Chow, known to foreigners as the "Temple of Longevity," the largest and richest monastery in South China. The riot originated in the alleged immorality of the Cenobites. The military was called out, and quelled the riot at the cost of loss of life and wounds to several mutineers. Two priests were burned.

—MR. GLADSTONE, replying to a correspondent who had called attention to the fact that bands of Mormon missionaries visit Great Britain annually, decoying thousands of young persons to a life of immorality in Utah, and inquired if the Government could not do something to prevent the practice, says he fears it is not a matter wherein he can interfere, as it is to be presumed that the young persons go voluntarily. Fifteen hundred converts have been made in England since August.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

AYOUB KHAN, the Afghan chief, has been asked to quit Persia.

EX-SECRETARY BLAINE subscribed \$1,000 to the Garfield Hospital Fund.

MR. KARL MARX, for many years the leading Internationalist, is dying.

It is understood that Lieutenant Flipper, the colored officer recently tried for misappropriation, will be dismissed the army.

WILLIAM G. LE DUC, late Commissioner of Agriculture, has been elected member of the National Society of Agriculture of France.

MISS McMICAL, daughter of the late Morton McMical, is engaged to marry Mr. Henry Hoyt, eldest son of the Governor of Pennsylvania.

EVERY State in the Union was represented at the ball given at Atlanta the other evening in honor of Miss Julia, daughter of the late General "Stonewall" Jackson.

M. JEAN BAPTISTE FAURE, the well-known baritone of the opera and professor of singing in the Paris Conservatoire, has been appointed a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

MISS ANNA LOUISE CARRY'S marriage to Mr. Lorillard, it is now said, will take place in the Autumn. She will make her farewell appearance on the stage in Portland, Me., in June next.

THE hereditary Prince of Monaco, from whom Lady Mary Hamilton was divorced a few years ago, is to be married to the Duchess of Richelieu, who was in her youth Miss Heine, of New Orleans.

THOMAS A. EDISON, the inventor, on the 27th ult., took out twenty-five patents, the largest number ever issued to one person by any Government in one day. Edison now holds 250 patents.

THE Emperor of Brazil, who years ago was entertained in Paris by Victor Hugo, sent a royal messenger to France, about a month ago, burdened with messages of affection and esteem for the poet and Christmas presents for the Hugo grandchildren.

THE Secretary of the Interior has recently issued twenty-seven pieces of bounty land scrip to the heirs of John Paul Jones, a captain in the American navy, in appreciative acknowledgment of brave and meritorious service in connection with the capture of certain British vessels of war.

GENERAL ALBERT PIKE—who is, by-the-way, the highest ranking Freemason in the United States—is now seventy-two years old. He is still so vigorous that he enjoys field sports with as keen a pleasure as when, fifty years ago, he hunted in New Mexico, Texas and Arkansas. He is more than six feet tall and is bent but little.

THE Japanese Minister at Washington, Yoshida Kiyonari, accompanied by his family and servants, left there last week for Tokyo, Japan, via San Francisco. M. Bartholomew, the Russian Minister to the United States, will shortly sail for Europe. It is not likely that he will return to this country as the representative of his Government.

THE royal baron of beef which graced Queen Victoria's table on Christmas Day weighed about three hundred pounds. It was cut from a prime red and white Shorthorn, fed by the Duke of Connaught at Bagshot Park, which fetched \$73 at Her Majesty's recent sale at Shaw Farm. The huge joint was roasted at Windsor Castle and forwarded to Osborne.

WITH the exception of a few private bequests the whole of the estate of Josse George, of Philadelphia, valued at over \$700,000, has been donated for charitable purposes, in conformity with the wish of the deceased. The executors, John M. and Joseph W. George, Samuel Mason and Samuel M. Rine, to whom the right of the selection of beneficiaries was given, have settled their account, and have donated the balances as directed in the will.

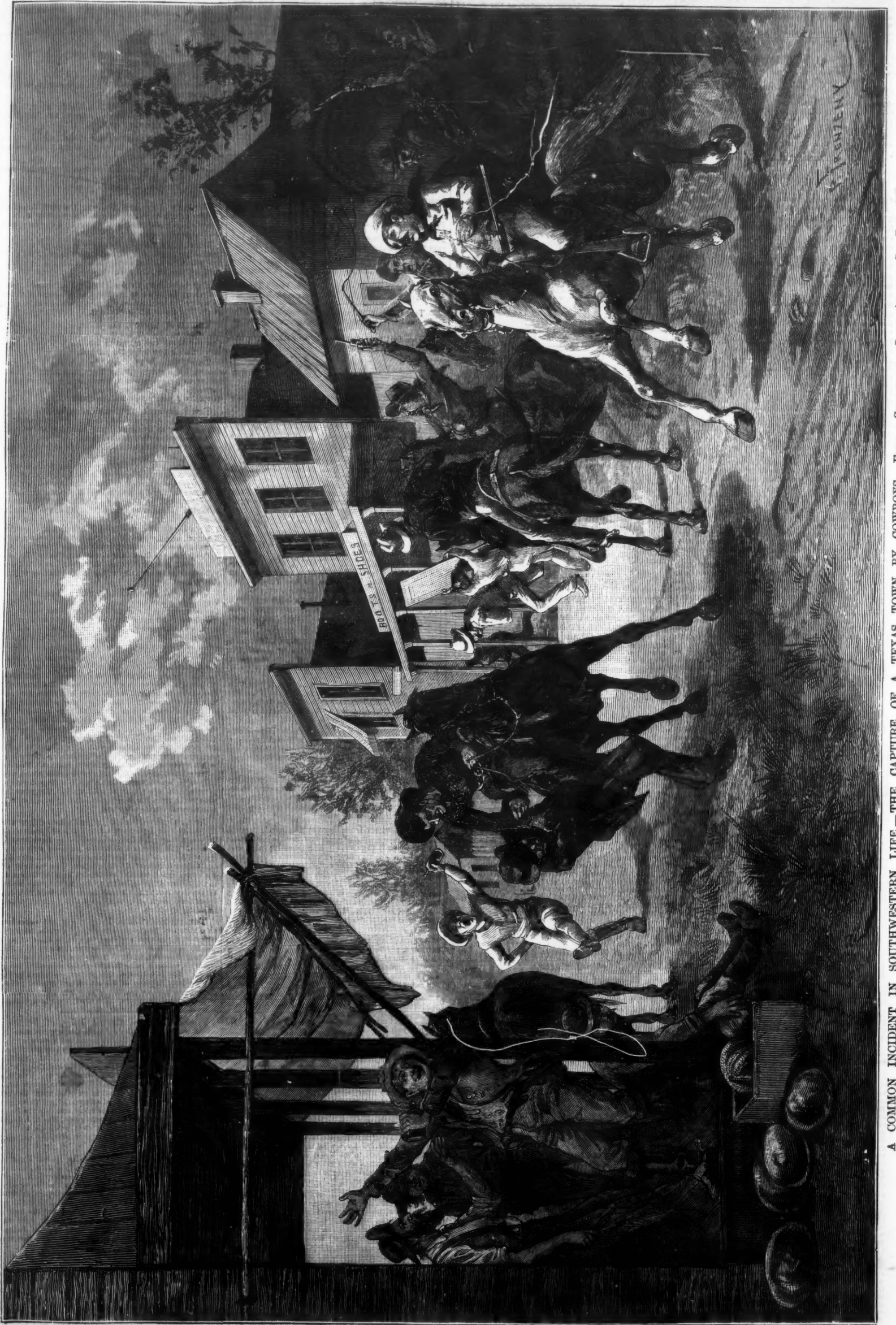
GENERAL LEW WALLACE is not only a politician and author, but an artist as well. He is said to have painted an admirable portrait of his father, and he has in his study a picture of historical interest. This is called "The Conspirators," and represents as sitting and leaning on marble blocks in an old Washington yard a group of men who plotted to kill Lincoln. The portraits were taken from life, the General having sketched the men in court during their trial.

AT this critical period Ireland's two dukes are faithful to their Irish homes—the Duke of Leinster, at Carton, Kildare; the Duke of Abercorn, at Baroncourt, Tyrone. The latter is a pleasant oasis in an ugly country, the demesne being very extensive and well planted, and further ornamented by fine lakes. The rest of the estate, granted out of confiscated land by James I. to the duke's ancestor, is \$150,000, and the duke is one of the few landlords who has not as yet been troubled about his tenants. The mansion is a very extensive and imposing structure.

THE success of Mrs. Langtry's *début* provokes an outburst of professional jealousy. Certain actresses resent the applause bestowed on a mere amateur, and complain still more bitterly of her immediate engagement at the Haymarket, where it is reported she receives \$500 weekly—which is more than twice the highest existing salary. Feeble echoes of this jealousy appear in print, but the great majority of the critical and general public continue to express confidence that Mrs. Langtry has a brilliant dramatic future. She is expected to appear at the end of January in Robertson's "Our."

SOME years ago, Colonel Riley, of Virginia, while crossing the Atlantic, made the acquaintance of Colonel Preston, of the British Army, and his son, a little curly-headed boy of about six years, whose bright and winning ways made him the pet of all on board. One day the little fellow fell overboard, and Colonel Riley, who was an expert swimmer, sprang overboard and held the child up until a boat could be lowered away, when both were rescued and safely returned on board ship. Colonel Preston was deeply moved and assured the gallant rescuer that he should never forget the noble act. In the lapse of time the incident had almost passed out of Colonel Riley's memory, when, a few days since, he was informed that he had been left by Colonel Preston, recently deceased, a legacy of \$25,000.

OBITUARY.—December 23d.—At Paris, France, E. G. Grenville Murray, the English journalist, author and, for many years, diplomat. *December 24th*.—Rev. Leonard W. Bacon, D. D., LL. D., of Yale College, greatly distinguished as pastor, professor and author, at New Haven, Conn., aged 79. *December 25th*.—Suddenly in New York City, John O. Evans, President of the newly established Mutual Union Telegraph Company, aged 44. *December 26th*.—Viscount Helmsley, member of Parliament for the North Riding of Yorkshire, and eldest son of the Earl of Feversham, aged 29; Dr. Edward Reynolds, the oldest physician of Boston, aged 89; at Paris, General Jean Auguste Berthaut, of the French Army. *December 27th*.—John H. Murray, the veteran circus manager, at New York City, aged 50; Hon. Charles G. Myers, formerly Attorney General of the State of New York, at Ogdensburg. *December 28th*.—The Right Hon. Sir Robert Lush, one of the Lords Justices of the English Court of Appeals; Captain John Gallagher, well known in connection with the shipping interests of Philadelphia, at his home, aged 77. *December 29th*.—Pierre F. E. Giraud, a well-known French painter and engraver, aged about 75.



A COMMON INCIDENT IN SOUTHWESTERN LIFE.—THE CAPTURE OF A TEXAS TOWN BY COWBOYS.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 317.



PENNSYLVANIA.—CREMATION OF DEATHBED LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES AT HEYDT'S TAVERN, DECEMBER 24TH.

A NOVEL CREMATION CEREMONY.

THE death-bed insurance business in Pennsylvania appears to be falling into disfavor. Not only have the authorities commenced a legal war upon it, but the credulous people who have been victimized by it are losing faith in the system and

turning against it. A novel illustration of the popular feeling on the subject was furnished a few days since at a place called Heydt's Tavern, some twenty-two miles from Reading. The people of that vicinity, it appears, had suffered largely from the operations of the death-rattle companies. Thomas Heydt, a man of means, held policies to the extent of \$25,000, and had been swindled out of several thousand dollars in assessments. One of his risks died some time ago, and after waiting and struggling for many months, he compromised with the company for \$197. He was so much incensed by this action that he determined to burn all the policies he held, and invited his neighbors to join with him. On the 24th ultimo the projected cremation took place. Early in the day the people began to gather from all directions—on foot, on horseback, and in all varieties of vehicles. One delegation was headed by a band of music. The heads of some of the most influential families in the district met together in the hall of the hotel. The total amount of the insurance held by them was \$250,000. The meeting was organized with the chief victims as president, vice-presidents and secretaries. Those in attendance related their experiences, which showed that many had been reduced to poverty by the assessments they were forced to pay, and some had borrowed money from friends and relatives to meet the demands of these sharks, and were unable to pay it back. The policies and assessment notices were strung together upon a pole and soaked with coal oil. A little niece of the hotel proprietor fired the pile, and \$250,000 worth of insurance certificates were consumed to slow music, while Mr. Heydt and a number of his neighbors formed all-hands-around and savagely danced about the pole. A collation was spread for those present, and a ball in the evening wound up the festivities.



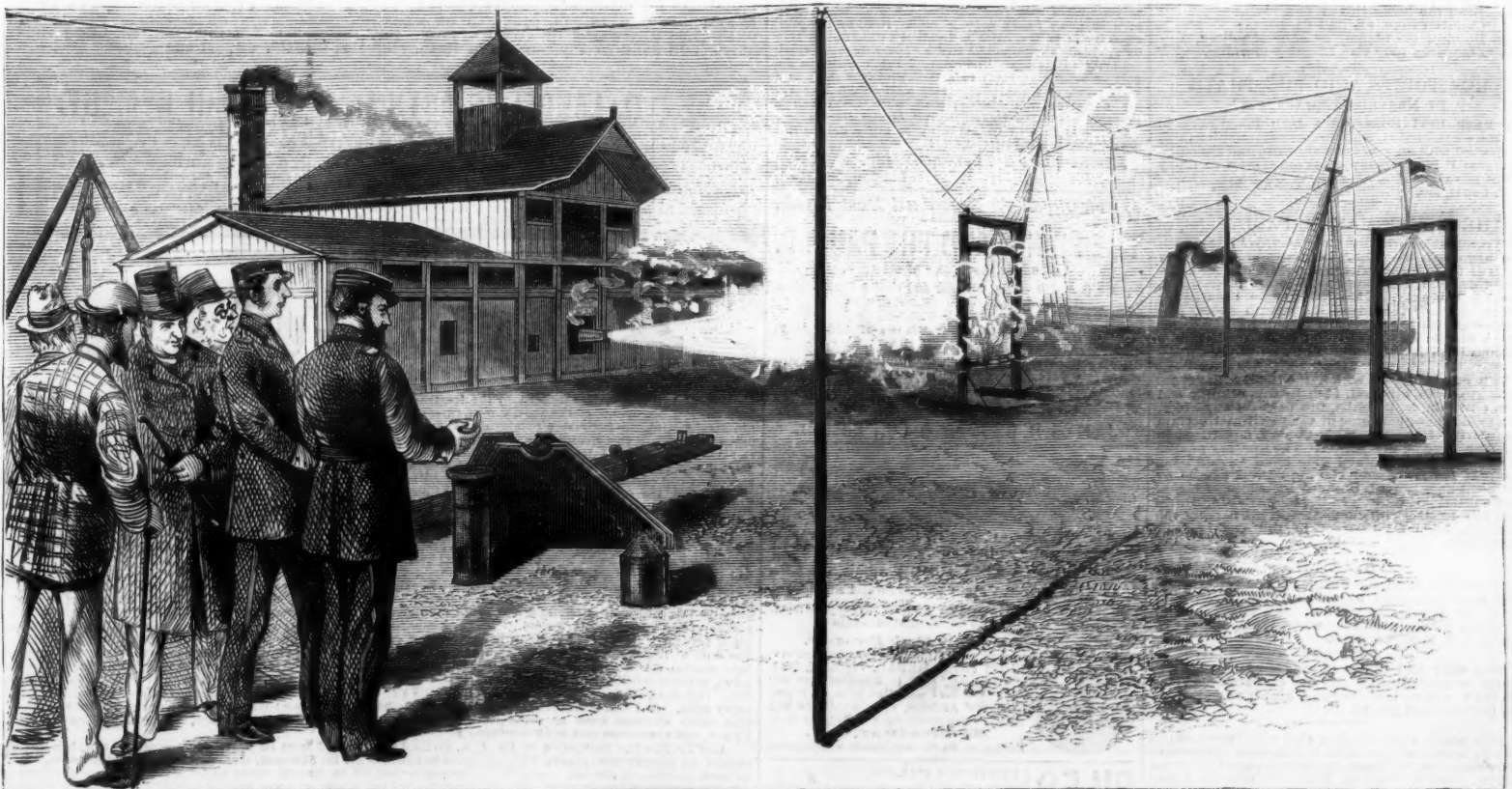
HON. W. H. CALKINS.—FROM A PHOTO. BY BELL.—SEE PAGE 347.

TESTING IMPROVED PARROTT GUNS.

UNDER a special Act of Congress the naval authorities are converting all the old smooth-bore Parrott guns into heavy ordnance. The process is very simple, and is said by experienced officers to guarantee the best specimen of a breech-loader.



NEW JERSEY.—THE OLD "PIRATES' HAUNT" AT WEEHAWKEN COVE, NOW DISMANTLED. SEE PAGE 347.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—TESTING IMPROVED PARROTT GUNS AT THE NAVY YARD.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.

First a steel coil is inserted the entire length of the gun, thus producing the means of a rotary motion for the shot. Then the end of the gun is cut off at the rest, and an adjustable steel core provided, which is placed in position after the piece is loaded. This core is arranged with flanges, and when slipped into place, is given a half-turn, which holds it at the discharge as stoutly as if cast with the gun itself. While this system of transforming a smooth-bore into a rifled piece reduces the diameter of the gun and necessitates the use of a smaller shot or shell than before, the piece receives very great additional strength.

As far as a Parrott gun is converted into a rifled, breech-loader, it is removed to the testing-ground and subjected to the severest trials. The illustration shows the testing of one of these improved guns at the Washington Navy Yard, and also the method adopted for ascertaining the velocity of the shot. The tests are made with the utmost mathematical precision. The balls are weighed, the powder is as carefully doled out as a druggist would weigh or measure the deadliest poison, and the practice-ground is surveyed so there need be no difficulty in ascertaining distances. The velocity of the ball is now, thanks to scientific study and applications, no subject of doubt or guesswork. A number of frames are erected on a line with the firing direction, containing a quantity of wire connected with an electric battery, to which a registering apparatus is affixed. When a ball passes through a frame, tearing the wire apart, the electric current is broken, and the dial registers the time. This frame after frame is passed, and the time of the ball's passage through each is accurately registered. The task of ascertaining the distance traveled and the velocity is then but a simple matter of mathematical computation.

FUN.

AS IT because of the great improvement in spring beds and mattresses that people lie so easily?

A SMALL boy testified in court that the affray took place on a Sunday. "How do you know it was Sunday?" "Because that day I had to go to the back door of the saloon to get beer instead of the front door."

LAST week a strapping negro woman was up before an Austin Justice, charged with unmercifully beating her boy, a saddle-colored imp. "I don't understand how you could have the heart to beat your own child so cruelly," "Jeige, has you been a parent of a wufless yaller boy like dat ar cub of mine?" "Never!" ejaculated the judge with great vehemence, getting red in the face. "Den don't talk."

AN old fellow whose daughter had failed to secure a position as teacher, in consequence of not passing an examination, said: "They asked her lots of things she didn't know. Look at the history questions! They asked her about things that happened before she was born. How was she going to know about that? Why, they asked her about old George Washington and other men she never knew? That was a pretty sort of examination!"

VERY taking—Colds. Very glad—The Druggists. The very best remedy—DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP.

"LOVE is blind," and that is how they manage to keep right on with the gas turned down.

A STRONG INDORSEMENT.

A LADY residing in Georgia, whose son was threatened with consumption, wrote to several of our old patients, whose testimonials in favor of COMPOUND OXYGEN we had published, asking if these printed testimonials were true. Among them was T. S. Arthur, the well-known author, who replied to her June 17th, 1880, as follows: "MRS. M.—In reply to your favor, I will state that the testimonial to which you refer is genuine. From what I have myself experienced, and from what I know of the effect of COMPOUND OXYGEN in others, I am satisfied that this new remedy is one of remarkable curative power. Your son, I think, can hardly fail to receive benefit. Others as badly diseased, and suffering for many years, have been cured or greatly relieved by this treatment, as you will see by Drs. Starkey & Pallen's Report of Cases, which I am well assured are authentic." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, sent free. DR. STARKEY & PALLAN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

AN advertisement reads: "Wanted—A young man to be partly out-door and partly behind the counter." What will be the result when the door slams?"

BABY'S PETITION.

LIFE is restless, days are fleeting, Children bloom, but die in teething; Warning take all friends and mothers, Watch the precious girls and brothers Read the home life of Victoria, Children nine, all had CABBAGE; No sleepless nights, by baby squalling, Like larks they rise in early morning.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

I HAVE used HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE in nervous exhaustion, and in nervous disturbances connected with an overworked brain, and am satisfied that it is a remedy of great service in many forms of exhaustion. S. T. NEWMAN, M.D., St. Louis, Mo.

THE FIGURE MAY BE FAULTLESS,

THE complexion without a blemish, yet if the teeth are neglected, the other attributes of beauty fall short of their due effect. If the teeth are not hopelessly decayed, SCOTT'S DENTON will renew their whiteness and beauty. This wholesome beautifying agent, moreover, renders the breath sweet, and communicates a becoming ruddiness to the gums and a rosy hue to the lips. A fair trial of this standard article will demonstrate its value.

THE great success which the SCOTT ELECTRIC BRUSHES have attained, both in this country and Great Britain, is, perhaps, the best—in any event, is a sufficient—guarantee of the merit and certain popularity of the ELECTRIC CORSET, advertised in another page of this paper. The sanitary powers of electricity have gained wide recognition during the past few years, and the appliances offered by Dr. Scott have proved, in many instances, of signal and substantial value. In the methods of business and fair dealing with customers in all parts of the country, Dr. Scott's career in this city is most honorable.

BISMARCK

FLAVORS his champagne with ANGSTUR BITTERS, the world-renowned appetizer. Have it on your table for New Year's callers. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siebert & Sons.

THE color and lustre of youth are restored to faded or gray hair by the use of PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM, a harmless dressing, highly esteemed for its perfume and purity.

IT is worth remembering that nobody enjoys the nicest surroundings if in bad health. There are miserable people about to day with one foot in the grave, when a bottle of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC would do them more good than all the doctors and medicines they have ever tried. See adv.

Thurber's Flavoring Extracts.

THE difficulty experienced by us in obtaining high-grade extracts of uniform quality induced us some time ago to undertake the manufacture of these delicate specialties ourselves. We therefore fitted up a complete laboratory, placed it under charge of an expert chemist, and now manufacture a line of Fruit Flavors and Extracts which, in both quality and style of package, cannot be excelled. In order that consumers may be able to obtain a pure and unadulterated Extract of Vanilla, we have prepared, without regard to expense, an extract which we warrant to be wholly free from any flavor except that of the finest Mexican Vanilla Bean. The connoisseur will, upon trial, at once recognize it as perfectly pure. Not only in the Vanilla, but in the other standard and more common flavors, such as Lemon, Strawberry, Blackberry, etc., we guarantee purity, uniform excellence, and entire freedom from all injurious ingredients. Ask for THURBER'S BEST FLAVORING EXTRACTS, put up in full-weight 2-oz., 4-oz. and 8-oz. bottles.

H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO.,

LONDON. NEW YORK. BORDEAUX.

G. Y. SMITH & CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

AMONG the illustrations of Kansas City and its principal business houses, given elsewhere in this paper, is that of the great retail drygoods house of Geo. Y. Smith & Co., known throughout the West, Southwest and Northwest, as one of, if not the, most enterprising and successful drygoods concerns in this country. Here, in this future great city of the West, is a large drygoods house as thoroughly metropolitan in its aspect and system as can be found in any city outside of New York. By conducting their business with large and liberal enterprise, always on the alert for improvements, maintaining popular prices with singular steadiness, and judicious advertising, this concern has very rapidly come to the front as one of the leading retail drygoods houses of the country.

One of the greatest features of this great business is its department where all "letter orders," sent by ladies who cannot conveniently travel, are attended to. (See illustration.) During the past few years the volume of business transacted through G. Y. Smith & Co.'s Mail Order Department has increased to an enormous extent, and it is now recognized as the most reliable, prompt, and in every way satisfactory department of its kind throughout the West. Illustrated catalogues are issued every season; samples are sent free of charge; all orders are promptly and accurately filled; goods not satisfactory are returnable; and in every instance the greatest efforts are made to insure the most acceptable service.

Every department throughout this popular house is complete at all times and in every detail. Resident buyers in New York are constantly supplying the latest novelties and most fashionable and desirable fabrics. Everything pertaining to the wardrobe of a lady, gentleman or child, can be procured here with complete satisfaction. Send for Illustrated Catalogue; no charge. G. Y. SMITH & CO., 712, 714 and 716 Main Street, Kansas City, Mo.

PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE has a remarkable affinity for the skin, making it soft and smooth. TRY PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE SOAP.

"Use Redding's Russia Salve."

MESSRS. WM. B. RIKER & SON, one of the oldest and most reliable drug firms in this city, prepare a FACE POWDER equaled by none! It is entirely different from all others, being a most healing and beneficial preparation. We conscientiously recommend it to all. This Powder will stand every test, even that of the strongest acids. For sale everywhere. Depot, 333 Sixth Avenue. Price 25c per box. Those who prefer a liquid preparation will find RIKER'S CREAM OF ROSES the most satisfactory article they can use.

HALFORD SAUCE, the best and cheapest relish sold only in bottle, unrivaled by any for family use.

HUB PUNCH is sold only in bottles.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which will save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (½ lb. and 1 lb.) labeled.

JAMES EPPS & CO., HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMISTS, London, England.

Mark Twain's New and Best Book.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER.

A Book for the Young of All Ages.

Square 8vo, 400 pages, 200 new and choice illustrations. A quaint and delicious romance of Medieval England.

The New York Tribune says: "It is a beautiful story; airy and lawless as an Arab tale."

Every page sparkles with delightful and entrancing charm. "This fascinating book," the December Atlantic Monthly calls it.

Sold by Subscription Only.

JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO., Boston.



Send for Catalogue. C. RECHT, 133 Bowery, New York.

Banking House of Henry Clews & Co.,

18 New St., N. Y. (next door to Stock Exchange). Securities bought and sold strictly on commission. Four per cent. allowed on depositors' accounts.

Members of the N. Y. Stock Exchange.



FIRST PRIZE MEDAL, VIENNA, 1873. C. WEIS, Manufacturer of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 59 Walker Street and Vienna.

PILES

ITCHING PILES.—Moisture, intense itching; most at night; sure cure. Swayne's Ointment. At Druggists.

hop bitters

THE PUREST AND BEST

Medicine ever made.

THEY ARE COMPOUNDED FROM Hops Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion.

"The Oldest, Best, most Renowned, and Valuable Medicines in the World, and in addition contain all the best and most effective curative properties of all other bitters, being the greatest Liver Regulator, BLOOD PURIFIER and Life and health restoring agent on earth."

They Give New Life and Vigor to the Aged and Infirm.

"To Clergymen, Lawyers, Literary Men, Ladies, and all those whose sedentary employments cause irregularities of the Blood, Stomach, Bowels, or Kidneys, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic, and mild Stimulant, these Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic, and stimulating, without intoxicating."

"No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, or what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use the Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing at a trifling cost."

Ask your Druggist or Physician.

"Do not suffer yourself or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters." "Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drunken nostrum, but the purest and best Medicine ever made, and no person or family should be without it."



For 1882 is an Elegant Book of 150 Pages, a Colored Frontispiece of Flowers, and 1,000 Illustrations of the Choicest Flowers, Plants and Vegetables, and Directions for Growing. It is handsome enough for the Center Table or a Holiday Present. Send on your name and p. a. office address, with 10 cents, and I will send you a copy, postage paid. This is not a quarter of its cost. It is printed in both English and German. If you afterwards order seeds, deduct the 10 cts.

VICK'S SEEDS are the best in the world. The FLORAL GUIDE will tell how to get and grow them. VICK'S Flower and Vegetable Garden, 175 Pages, 6 Colored Plates, 500 Engravings. For 50 cts. in paper covers; \$1 in elegant cloth. In German or English.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine—32 Pages, a Colored Plate in every number, and many fine Engravings. Price \$1.25 a year; five copies for \$5. Specimen Numbers sent for 10 cents; 3 trial copies for 25 cents. Address,

JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

BOKER'S BITTERS,

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL

STOMACH BITTERS,

AND

AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.

To be had in Quarts and Pints.

L. FUNKE, Jr.,

Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor,

78 John Street, New York.

PRINTING PRESSES, Types and Material. Send two 3c. stamps for catalogue. B. O. WOODS & CO., 49 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

Brain and Nerve Food. Vitalized Phos-Phites.

Composed of the Nerve-Giving Principles of the Ox-Brain and Wheat Germ.

IT RESTORES THE ENERGY LOST BY NERVOUSNESS OR INDIGESTION; RELIEVES LASSITUDE, ERRATIC PAINS, AND NEURALGIA; REFRESHES THE NERVES TIRED BY WORRY, EXCITEMENT, OR EXCESSIVE SENSITIVENESS; STRENGTHENS A FAILING MEMORY, AND GIVES RENEWED VIGOR IN ALL DISEASES OF NERVOUS EXHAUSTION OR DEBILITY. IT IS THE ONLY PREVENTIVE OF CONSUMPTION. PHYSICIANS HAVE PRESCRIBED 500,000 PACKAGES. FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS OR MAIL, \$1. F. CROSSY CO., 664 and 666 Sixth Ave., N. Y.



D. LANGELL'S ASTHMA & CATARRH REMEDY.

Having struggled 30 years between life and death with ASTHMA or BRONCHITIS, treated by eminent Physicians and receiving no benefit, I was compelled during the last five years of my illness to sit on my chair day and night gasping for breath; my sufferings were beyond description. In despair I experimented on myself by compounding roots and herbs and inhaling the medicine thus obtained. I fortunately discovered this WONDERFUL CURE FOR ASTHMA or CATARRH, warranted to relieve the most stubborn case of Asthma in FIVE MINUTES, so the patient can lie down to rest and sleep comfortably. Any person not fully satisfied with the remedy to the proprietor and the money will be refunded. Send me your address for a trial package FREE OF CHARGE. Should your druggist not keep the remedy, I can send it by mail on receipt of the price \$1.00. For sale by all Druggists. Address D. LANGELL, Proprietor, Wooster, Ohio, or ALBERT INGARD, Manager, 46 Astor House Office, New York City.

Rupture

DR. J. A. SHERMAN, specialist in the treatment of Hernia or Rupture for the past thirty years or more, the inventor and discoverer of the only known successful method for its immediate relief and effectual cure without the dreadful injuries invariably resulting from continued truss pressure, may be consulted at his various offices as below. Dr. Sherman's Book on Rupture gives the most reliable proofs from distinguished professional gentlemen, clergymen and merchants, of his successful practice and popularity throughout this country and the West Indies. The afflicted should read it and inform themselves. It is illustrated with photographic likenesses of extremely bad cases, before and after cure, and mailed to those who send 10 cents. Rupture becomes inflamed and strangulated, the early symptoms of which are colic pains, rumbling in the bowels, great anxiety, and, when reaching its full stage, equalled by all the horrors of hydrophobia. Rupture and trusses cause even silly nervous debility, impaired memory, indifference to amusements and stirring recreation necessarily conducive to health and the prolongation of life. Rupture and trusses cause kidney and bladder affections, among the most deplorable of which is Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, depressed and irritated condition of the bladder, some of the premonitory symptoms of which are occasional lassitude, drowsiness, backache, frequent disposition to urinate, increased difference and inability to the social enjoyment of life. Rupture and trusses cause gradual and imperceptible undermining of the constitution, impairing the digestive functions, and thereby inducing fevers of the worst type. Rupture and trusses tax the energies and capacities of man to a greater or less extent in every stage of life, both in his physical and social relations and mental devotions, and in the physical and mental prostration of his business. In a word, it makes a man less than a man; and when, from one or other of the foregoing afflictions, he begins to realize his mortifying condition, he indeed becomes a creature of commiseration. The cure of Rupture is effected by Sherman's method without an operation, simply by external local applications, both mechanical and medicinal, made daily by the patient, who can perform any kind of labor during the treatment, without interfering with the cure. Patients from abroad can receive treatment and leave for home same day. Principal Office, NEW YORK, 231 BROADWAY. Days of consultation: Monday, Tuesday and Saturday every week. At PHILADELPHIA Office, during December, each week on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday; after that, every alternate week on some days. BOSTON on the first week in January, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, and every alternate week thereafter same days.

CAUTION.—The reputation of Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, attained from 30 years' successful practice, has started around the country persons who assume to be the original Dr. Sherman, famous for the cure of Rupture. Two of these parties, an old and young man, recently turned up in Boston; there duped several by their fraudulent advertisements; when detected, suit was brought, but the fellow ran away, leaving sorrowful victims, room rent, board-bills and newspapers unpaid.

ANCHOR LINE
UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS.
NEW YORK AND GLASGOW.
From Pier 20, North River, New York.
DEVONIA, Jan. 7, 7 A. M. | ETHIOPIA, Jan. 21, 7 A. M.
ANCHORIA, Jan. 14, noon. | CIRCASSIA, Jan. 28, 1 P. M.
These steamers do not carry cattle, sheep or pigs.
Cabins, \$60 to \$80. Excursion Tickets at reduced rates.
Second Cabin, \$40. Steerage, \$25.
TO GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL OR DERRY.
NEW YORK TO LONDON DIRECT.
From Pier 46, North River, Foot of Charles Street.
VICTORIA, Jan. 7, 7 A. M. | CALIFORNIA, Jan. 14, noon.
Cabins, \$55 to \$65, according to accommodation.
Cabin Excursion Tickets at reduced rates.
Drafts issued for any amount at current rates.
HENDERSON BROTHERS, Agents, 7 Bowling Green, N. Y.

WITH \$5
YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE
5 per ct. Imp. Austrian 100fl. Gov't Bond
Issue of 1860.

These bonds are guaranteed by the Imperial Government of Austria, and bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent, per annum, payable semi-annually.
They are redeemed in two drawings annually, in which 100 large premiums of

\$60,000, 10,000, 5,000,
etc., florins are drawn.
Every Austrian 5 per cent, 100 florin bond, which does not draw one of the larger premiums, must be redeemed with at least

120 Florins,
as there are no blanks, and every bond must draw something.
The next drawing takes place on the

1st of FEBRUARY, 1882,
And every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of February is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that day. Country orders sent in Registered Letters and inclosing \$5 will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing.
For orders, circulars, or any other information, address,

International Banking Co.,
150 BROADWAY, New York City.
Established in 1874.
N. B.—In writing, please state that you saw this in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Health is Wealth!
DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT.
A specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. I guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received for six boxes, accompanied with \$5, I will send my written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not cure. A. J. DITMAN, Druggist, sole Agent, Barclay Street and Broadway, New York.

HARPERS CENTURY, ATLANTIC, etc., 2.50
Mutual Library, Philadelphia.
Cheapest Agency for all American and Foreign Periodicals. Catalogues Free.

\$35 worth of first-class sheet MUSIC FOR 50 cts.
"Hove's 100 Choice Songs" arranged for the Piano or Organ; contains the most popular music of the day; each song on separate sheet, sells at the music stores at 50 cts. each; this 100 Song book, neatly bound in one book, only 50 cts., or \$2.00, sent by mail. Stamps taken. ELIAS HOWE, (over 40 years in the music business), 88 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING
Presses and outfits from \$3 to \$500
Over 2,000 styles of type, Catalogue and reduced price list free.
H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.

50 LARGE HANDSOME CHROMO CARDS, name on 10c. New & Artistic designs, acknowledged best pack sold. Album of Samples 25c. F. W. Austin, Fair Haven, Ct.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF
By sending 35c. money or 40c. postage stamps, with age, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address, W. FOX, Box 38, Fultonville, N. Y.
Heavy Mustache and dazzling Complexion in 4 hours. Book free! DEVERE, Toronto, Ont.

READER! If you love Rare Flowers, choicest Keene, N. H. It will astonish and please. \$5.00 E. E.

SEND 12c. in stamps for the phenomenally scientific and popular copyrighted NINE-LETTER PUZZLE Address, N. L. P. CO., 446 Broome St., New York City.

One Chance in a Life-time! Read this Offer!
TWO PAPERS ONE YEAR FOR THE PRICE OF ONE AND SIX VALUABLE AND USEFUL PREMIUMS FREE! The Greatest Offer Ever made by a Reliable House! We intend to introduce our two charming family periodicals, The Household Gazette and The Central Home, to the household in the United States where they are not already taken, we make this grand unparalleled offer: Upon receipt of only One Dollar (the regular price of The Household Gazette alone), we will send Both Papers for a Whole Year, and in addition we will also send, Free and post-paid, Six Useful and Valuable Premiums, as follows: 1. Ladies' Gold-Plated Necklaces. This is not a cheap, worthless brass affair, but is of a good quality of gold plate, and durable; it is of a new and stylish pattern, and any lady would be proud to wear it. 2. Handsome Panel Picture and Easel, something entirely new and very attractive and stylishly mounted; the picture is beautifully executed in many colors, and the easel is of fine polished wood. 3. Gold-Plated Ring, for lady or gentleman. A plain half-round ring of good, substantial gold plate, which will stand the test of jewelry's acids, and is entirely durable. 4. Package of Money-Comb Spirals, a new material for making fancy articles for home decoration; the package contains 100 Spirals, with coil of wire, direct diagram etc. 5. Microscope, Locket and Watch Chain combined—a good microscope for examining insects, fluids, etc.; a Locket for holding pictures, and a Chain for your watch-chain, all combined in one. 6. The Musical Wonder, a simple yet wonderful little musical instrument, upon which any tune may be played, and birds, etc., imitated. These six articles, packed in a neat box, will be sent free by mail, post-paid, to every one sending one dollar for a year's subscription to our two papers. In addition, in one premium box in every 25 we shall place an extra grand premium of a Solid Gold Parisian Diamond Ring; in one premium box in every 50 we shall place an extra grand premium of a Pair of Parisian Diamond Earrings, rolled gold mounting; and in one premium box in every 100 we shall place an extra grand premium of a Parisian Diamond Stud, rolled gold mounting. Every subscriber will receive two papers one year and six premiums for one dollar, and 24 subscribers in every 100 will receive one of the extra grand premiums. Our two papers are among the largest, handsomest, and best published. The Household Gazette is a large 16 page, 6-column Literary and Family Paper, devoted to pure and entertaining Literature, Romance, Useful Knowledge, Poetry, Wit and Humor, Reading for the Young, etc. The Central Home is a large 8-page, 2-column Illustrated paper, devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture, Household Topics, Practical Recipes, Ladies' Fancy Work, Flowers, Exposure of Humbug, etc. These papers are just what is needed in every family for amusement, entertainment and instruction. This is the greatest and most liberal offer ever made by any publisher in the world! None should fail to take advantage of it! We guarantee every one "Twice the Value of Money Sent" and those who receive the extra grand premium will receive even more, and so all who are not perfectly satisfied, the money will be cheerfully returned. Our premiums are all of genuine value and usefulness, guaranteed as represented, and the papers are first-class in every respect. As to our reliability, we refer to any publisher in New York, likewise to the Commercial Agency, as we have been long in business, are well known and have an established reputation. Now is the time to secure this unparalleled bargain! To any one who will show this advertisement and get up a club of five, we will send an extra subscription, with the premiums, free! Address, F. M. LUTON, Publisher, 27 Park Place, New York.



plate, which will stand the test of jewelry's acids, and is entirely durable. 4. Package of Money-Comb Spirals, a new material for making fancy articles for home decoration; the package contains 100 Spirals, with coil of wire, direct diagram etc. 5. Microscope, Locket and Watch Chain combined—a good microscope for examining insects, fluids, etc.; a Locket for holding pictures, and a Chain for your watch-chain, all combined in one. 6. The Musical Wonder, a simple yet wonderful little musical instrument, upon which any tune may be played, and birds, etc., imitated. These six articles, packed in a neat box, will be sent free by mail, post-paid, to every one sending one dollar for a year's subscription to our two papers. In addition, in one premium box in every 25 we shall place an extra grand premium of a Solid Gold Parisian Diamond Ring; in one premium box in every 50 we shall place an extra grand premium of a Pair of Parisian Diamond Earrings, rolled gold mounting; and in one premium box in every 100 we shall place an extra grand premium of a Parisian Diamond Stud, rolled gold mounting. Every subscriber will receive two papers one year and six premiums for one dollar, and 24 subscribers in every 100 will receive one of the extra grand premiums. Our two papers are among the largest, handsomest, and best published. The Household Gazette is a large 16 page, 6-column Literary and Family Paper, devoted to pure and entertaining Literature, Romance, Useful Knowledge, Poetry, Wit and Humor, Reading for the Young, etc. The Central Home is a large 8-page, 2-column Illustrated paper, devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture, Household Topics, Practical Recipes, Ladies' Fancy Work, Flowers, Exposure of Humbug, etc. These papers are just what is needed in every family for amusement, entertainment and instruction. This is the greatest and most liberal offer ever made by any publisher in the world! None should fail to take advantage of it! We guarantee every one "Twice the Value of Money Sent" and those who receive the extra grand premium will receive even more, and so all who are not perfectly satisfied, the money will be cheerfully returned. Our premiums are all of genuine value and usefulness, guaranteed as represented, and the papers are first-class in every respect. As to our reliability, we refer to any publisher in New York, likewise to the Commercial Agency, as we have been long in business, are well known and have an established reputation. Now is the time to secure this unparalleled bargain! To any one who will show this advertisement and get up a club of five, we will send an extra subscription, with the premiums, free! Address, F. M. LUTON, Publisher, 27 Park Place, New York.

Secret of a Beautiful Face.



I WAS DREADFULLY AFRAID THAT HORRID FEVER WOULD RUIN MY COMPLEXION FOR LIFE, BUT "LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH" HAS SETTLED THAT QUESTION WITH A LOVELY SUCCESS.

Every lady desires to be considered handsome. The most important adjunct to beauty is a clear, smooth, soft and beautiful skin. With this essential a lady appears handsome, even if her features are not perfect.
Ladies afflicted with Tan, Freckles, Rough or Discolored Skin, should lose no time in procuring and applying

LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH.

It will immediately obliterate all such imperfections, and is entirely harmless. It has been chemically analyzed by the Board of Health of New York City, and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin.

Over two million ladies have used this delightful toilet preparation, and in every instance it has given entire satisfaction. Ladies, if you desire to be beautiful, give LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH a trial, and be convinced of its wonderful efficacy.

Sold by Fancy Goods Dealers and Druggists everywhere. Price 75 cts. per Bottle. Depot, 83 John St., N. Y.



Improved Metallic Weather Cottage.

The appearance of the little man foretells storms. The little woman predicts fair weather. They never make mistakes. Sent postpaid for \$1.25. Address,

E. GOLDBACHER, Optician, 98 Fulton St., N. Y.

Phonography, or Phonetic Shorthand
Catalogue of works, with Phonographic alphabet and illustrations, for beginners, sent on application. Address, BENN PITMAN, Cincinnati, O.

CANDY
Send \$1, \$2, \$3 or \$5 for a retail box by express of the best candies in the world. Put up in handsome boxes suitable for presents. Strictly pure. Try it once. Address, C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 78 Madison St., Chicago.

Read Carefully!
The very best offer ever made.
Heavily Nickel Plated.
Accurately Rifled.

Little Giant 7 Shot Terror.

The chance of a Life-time. Will never be offered again.

IMPORTANT TO ALL!! Before the Holidays we purchased a Job Lot of 20,000 7 shot revolvers at what was then considered, a low price; owing to the bad season we were unable to dispose of the whole lot, and as we do not want to keep them on our hands, we will dispose of them at much less than cost price, simply to make room for spring goods. We could sell the whole lot to dealers at much more than what we offer them to you, but we prefer to sell them at a great sacrifice and thus advertise us as dealers in good, cheap goods. Remember, we offer this pistol at the price \$1.00 simply as an advertisement and in the hope that you will recommend us to your friends. The death-dealing qualities of this pistol are unsurpassed: it will carry 300 yards, will knock a squirrel off the highest tree, will down a rabbit on the run, a partridge, duck, goose or turkey on the wing, is the terror of highwaymen, tramps, burglars and other evil-doers; will settle the most daring Indian brave and in a word is the very best pistol to be had for the money. Remember, this is no toy pistol, it is a regular trusty weapon. Should you prefer a 32 calibre, we will send you one on receipt of \$1.50. Order immediately. Were it not for the fact that we had such a large stock on hand and were forced to get rid of it we could not afford to sell them at this price. Order at once. Sent by Express upon receipt of \$1.00. (Very handsomely engraved, 5c. extra.) Sent free by mail upon receipt of \$1.10. Sent by Express with a box of 50 cartridges upon receipt of \$1.20. Send money by mail, express, money order or registered letter. Postage Stamps taken. Address,

WM. HARDING & CO.,
92 CHAMBERS STREET, NEW YORK.

SCHMITT & SCHWANENFLUEGEL.
Central Park Brewery
and
Bottling Company.

Brewery, Bottling Department and Office, 159-165 East Fifty-ninth Street, Ice-house and Rock-vaults, Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh Street, Avenue A and East River, N. Y.

BOHEMIAN and LAGER BEER.

The finest Beer for family use. The best Shipping Beer in bottles, warranted to keep in any climate for months and years.

Agents Wanted.
Agents WANTED to sell Dr. CHASE'S 2000 RECIPES Book. Sells at sight. You double your money. Address, Dr. Chase's Printing House, Ann Arbor, Mich.

KING OF ASTHMA
HOME TREATMENT. Positive and Permanent CURE OF ASTHMA. Physicians employed. Unimpeachable references. Send for Dr. Crumb's New Book on diseases of Asthma, Catarrh, Throat and Lungs. Free. Address, WM. R. CRUMB, M. D., 378 Pearl St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

WONDERS NEVER CEASE.
To any reader of this paper who will send his name and nine 3-ct. postage stamps, we will send a nice new Time-keeper, in ornate case, with clear glass crystal, in good working order and warranted. This offer is made simply to introduce our Watches and Jewelry, and holds good for 60 days only. Two only will be sent to one address for 50 cts. A fine gold plated Chain for 50 cts. additional. Address orders to SANDERSON & CO., Readville, Mass.

Imitation Gold Watches.
\$3, \$10, \$15, \$20 and \$25 each; Chains \$5 to \$12 to match. Beads, Sets & Charms. Jewelry of the name. Sent G. O. D. by Express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular. These Watches are equal to any in the market. Watchmakers' Tools and Materials. COLEMAN'S NEW WATCH FACTORY, 330 Broadway, N. Y., Box 306.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address, SYMONS & CO., Portland, Maine.

50 Elegant New Imported Styles of Chromos.
Beautiful Colors, name in Fancy Script-Type, 10c. Agents Sample-Book, 25c. Card Mills, Northford, Ct.

40 page book of wonders for 3-cent stamp; circular free. B. FOX & CO., 891 Canal Street, N. Y.

80 SAMPLE CARDS, ALL NEW, name on 10c. Agents, Outfit 6c. CARD WORKS, Birmingham, Conn.

NEW Christmas Novelties just out that sell at eight—\$2 Watches, Samples, 11 1-ct. stamps, Catalogue free. FELTON Mrs. Co., 138 Fulton St., New York.

50 Gold, Silver, Floral, Oil Chromos, etc. Cards, in case, name on, 10c. E. H. PARKER, Fair Haven, Ct.

50 Beautiful Chromo Cards, name on 10c., 10 packs & Agents Sample Book \$1. Star Card Co., Clintonville, Ct.

70 Elegant, or 50 Extra Fine New Chromos, name on 10c. Sample Book, 25c. Star Card Co., Northford, Ct.

75 Lovely FRENCH CHROMO CARDS, with name on, 10c. Chas. Kay, New Haven, Ct.

\$72 a week. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address, TRICE & CO., Augusta, Me.



ONLY \$1.00

7 SHOT.
WILL CARRY 200 YDS.
Handsomest Pistol in the market.
22 or 32 Calibre.

MAMMARIAL BALM restores and develops the bust. Warranted pure and safe. Price, \$1. NEW ENGLAND MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

70 Fine, or 50 Latest Style Chromo Cards, name on, 10c. Sample Book, 25c. E. F. EATON, Northford, Ct.

20 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, with name, 10c., post-paid. G. L. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

YES! 40 new no 2 alike Chromo Cards, name, 10 cts.; 10 packs, 75 cts. Warranted best sold. Agents wanted. L. Jones & Co., Nassau, N. Y.



A NEEDED "EXPERT" IN THE GUITEAU CASE—(AND THE SOONER HE IS CALLED THE BETTER.)



LOUIS HAMMERSLOUGH, THE FAMOUS KANSAS CITY CLOTHIER.

MR. LOUIS HAMMERSLOUGH.

WHOSE portrait we herewith give, is a native of Biederkesee, in the kingdom of Hanover, Germany, and in his business career affords another and striking illustration of what energy and persistence, combined with integrity and business ability, may accomplish, unaided by birth, capital, or any of the circumstances sometimes thought to determine a man's fortune. Coming to the United States in 1855, at the age of twenty, whither he had been preceded by an elder brother, Mr. Hammerslough soon saw his opportunity in the western field, and established himself, in 1858, in the retail clothing business in Kansas City. From that time to the present he has "held the fort" with varying success, but with steady and substantial advance, until his business has become one of the largest, and his name one of the best known in the West. In all that relates to the growth and prosperity of Kansas City, where Mr. Hammerslough is a large real-estate owner, he displays an active and public spirited interest, and is held in honorable esteem by his fellow-citizens for his intelligent and judicious counsel and co-operation in all that promotes the common welfare. Mr. Hammerslough enjoys the rare distinction of being the only merchant in Kansas City who has been in active trade since 1855.

C. G. Gunther's Sons

Seal-Skin Sacques and Cloaks;
Fur-Lined Garments;
Fur Trimmings, Muffs, and Collars.

184 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

Orders by mail, or information desired, will receive special and prompt attention.

A. T. Stewart & Co.

Will Make

LARGE REDUCTIONS

During the Month of January in
**CLOAKS,
DOLMANS,
ULSTERS,
JACKETS,
CIRCULARS,
WRAPS, Etc.**

To Close Out
Entire Stock

Of Fall manufactures, English, French,
German and American. At from

**20 to 50 PER CENT.
Below Recent Prices.**

Broadway, 4th Ave., 9th & 10th Sts.

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R.R.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD,

Open for travel all the year round. No snow-sheds.

Trains leave eastern termini at Atchison and Kansas

City, in connection with all eastern roads, as follows:

1 Pacific Express daily for Trinidad, Las Vegas, Santa

Fe, Albuquerque, Las Cruces, El Paso, Deming, Benson,

Tucson, Los Angeles, San Francisco, etc. 2 Colorado

Expresses daily for Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Denver,

Canon City, Leadville, Gunnison, San Juan, and all points

in Kansas and Colorado. Pullman Palace Cars attached

to all Express Trains. Full information can be obtained

at the Company's office, 419 Broadway, cor. Canal

street, New York; or by addressing W. F. WHITE, General

Passenger Agent, J. F. GUDDARD, General Freight

Agent, Topeka, Kansas; W. L. MALCOLM, General East-

ern Agent, 419 Broadway, New York.

WINNER, OSGOOD & CO.,

Real Estate, Loan & Investment Ag'ts,

UNDERWRITERS' EXCHANGE BUILDING,

Kansas City, Mo.,

Will take pleasure in answering all correspondence

regarding Kansas City and vicinity.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY

Five per Cent. Mortgage Bonds of
1911, Peninsula Extension,
\$2,000,000.

In denominations of \$1,000 each.
Dated January 1, 1881;
Payable January 1, 1911.

Interest payable April 1 and October 1, in gold coin, in
the City of New York.

These bonds are secured in common with the \$2,000,000
of Series A, by a first mortgage on the extension of the
road from Richmond to Newport News, together with
valuable terminal property at the latter point, which, as
the seaboard end of an immense system of roads and
connections, radiating from the Chesapeake and Ohio,
will possess a value many times greater than the mort-
gage, and largely increasing from year to year.

Price, Par and Accrued Interest from October 1st.

FISS & HATCH,
5 Nassau St., New York.



In Three Shades—White, Pink & Flesh.

GUARANTEED PERFECTLY HARMLESS.

For Sale by all Druggists, 25 cents per Box.

Sent free on receipt of price. Postage stamps taken.

JOHN PETRIE, JR., Prop'r, 110 Reade St., New York.

KIDNEY-WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF

CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country
as Constipation, and no remedy has ever
equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a
cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate
the case, proper use of this remedy will
overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing com-
plaint is very a. t. to be
complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort
strengthens the weakened parts and quickly
cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians
and medicines have before failed.

If you have either of these troubles

PRICE \$1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

Print Your Own

CARDS, LABELS, & PRESS \$3.

LARGESIZE \$5.

13 other sizes. For business, pleasure,

old or young. Everything easy

by printed instructions. Send 2

stamps for Catalogue, Presses,

Type Cards, &c., to the factory.

Kelsey & Co., MERIDEN, CONN.

GUARANTEED AGAINST LOSS.

Small or large sums invested in Stocks, and guaranteed

against loss. \$25,000.—We will place \$25,000 in the

Union Trust Company for the name of a party who has

ever lost a dollar through Ward & Co. in stocks.

WARD & CO., 53 Exchange Pl., New York.

Health! Comfort! Elegance!

DR. SCOTT'S Electric Corset.



Positively Secured with this BEAUTIFUL INVENTION

By a happy thought Dr. Scott, of London, the
inventor of the celebrated Electric Brushes, has
adapted Electro-Magnetism to Ladies' Corsets,
thus bringing this wonderful curative agency
within the reach of every lady.

They should be adopted at once by those suffer-
ing from any bodily ailment, and she who
wishes to
Ward Off Disease,
Preserve her good health, and retain
and improve the elegance of her figure
should give them an immediate trial.
It has been found that magnetic treatment
makes the muscles and tissues more plastic
and yielding, and it is argued from this that
Ladies who wear these corsets will have
no difficulty in moulding the figure to
any desired form, without tight lacing.
Tendency to extreme fatness is a
disease which, in most cases, these articles will
be found to cure. In appearance they do not
differ from the usual corsets, being made of the
same materials and shape (see cut). They are
worn the same, and fit the same, but give a more
graceful figure.

The Secretary of the Pall Mall
Electric Association of London
"earnestly recommends all"
"Ladies suffering from any"
"bodily ailment to adopt"
"these corsets without delay."
"They perform astonishing"
"cures and invigorate every"
"part of the system."

In place of the ordinary steel busts in front,
and a rib or two at the back, Dr. Scott inserts
steel magnetoids which are exactly the same
size, shape, length, breadth and thickness as the
usual steel bust or rib. By this means he is able
to bring the magnetic power into constant
contact with all the vital organs, and yet preserve
that symmetry and lightness so desirable in a
good corset. It is affirmed by professional men
that there is hardly a disease which Electricity
and Magnetism will not benefit or cure.

Dr. W. A. Hammond, of New York,
Late Surgeon-General of the United States, an
eminent authority, publishes almost miraculous
cures made by him, and all medical men daily
praise the same. Ask your own physician.
The sale of Magnetic Clothing, Band, Belts,
etc., has attained world-wide success, but
many who are constrained to use them are
deterred because they are either expensive,
bulky, troublesome, or interfere with the
dress and figure. The cut gives a fair repre-
sentation of the corset, which should be worn daily in place of the ordinary one, and will always
do good, never harm. There is no shock or sensation
whatever felt in wearing them, while they benefit
quickly follows. Being made with better material and workmanship than any corset sold, they will
outwear three of those commonly used. In ordering be careful to send exact waist measure, and
mention this paper. They are all of the same quality, differing only in size. The material is white,
fine in texture, beautifully embroidered and trimmed.
We will send it on trial, postpaid, on receipt of \$3.00, which will be returned
if not as represented.
Inclose 10 cents extra and we guarantee safe delivery. We will send it by express, C.O.D., at your
expense, with privilege of examination—but expressage adds considerably to your cost. Or request your
nearest Dry Goods or Fancy Store to obtain one for you, and be sure Dr. Scott's name is on the corset.
Remittances should be made payable to Dr. W. A. Hammond, 84 1/2 Broadway, New York.
It can be made in Checks, Drafts, Post Office Orders, Currency, or Stamps. LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE
TRADE. Agents Wanted in every town. Send for circular of Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush.

Awarded First Premium at American Institute.

HECKER'S PERFECT BAKING POWDER

IS MADE FROM PURE GRAPE TARTAR. IT IS
PERFECTLY HEALTHFUL, AND ITS BAKING
QUALITIES CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

For Sale by all Grocers.

GEORGE V. HECKER & CO.,

Croton Flour Mills, 203 Cherry Street, N. Y.

THE DIAMOND DYES.

ONLY 10 CENTS FOR ANY COLOR.

are the Simplest, Cheapest,
Strongest and most brilliant
Dyes ever made. One 10 cent
package will color more goods
than any 15 or 25 ct. dye ever sold. 24 popular colors.
Any one can color any fabric or fancy article. Send for
any color wanted and be convinced. Set of fancy cards,
samples of ink and 1 pkg. dye, all mailed for 10 cents.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

PISO'S CURE FOR

Consumptives and people

who have weak lungs or asth-

ma, should use Piso's Cure for

Consumption. It has cured

thousands. It has not in-
jured one. It is not bad to take.

It is the best cough syrup.

Sold everywhere. 25c. & \$1.

CONSUMPTION.

YOUR MONOGRAM.

On receipt of \$5.00 we will forward to any address,

free of charge, 500 Delicious Cigarettes, each beau-

tifully decorated with monogram or name, manufactured

from Vanity Fair tobacco. Also, a small size, with or

without mouthpiece, expressive for ladies. Please be

careful in giving shipping directions. Address

L. LUCERNE & CO.,

216 and 218 West Seventh St., Cincinnati, O.

FISHERMEN!

TWINES AND NETTING

MANUFACTURED BY

WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.

Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

BEATTY'S ORGANS 27 stops 10 sets reads only \$90.

Pianos \$125 up. Rare holiday inducements

Ready. Write or call on BEATTY, Washington, N.J.

KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE

for all Kidney Complaints and for all

diseases of the

—LIVER.—

It has specific action on this most important
organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and
inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of
the bile, and by keeping the bowels in free
condition, effecting its regular discharge.

If you are bilious, dyspeptic, constipated, or
suffering from malaria, Kidney-Wort is the
remedy you need.

FAIL NOT TO TRY IT.

PRICE \$1. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE

EVERY SPOOL

WARRANTED

Standard SILK

OF THE

WORLD

In powdered form. Delicately economical,
convenient. 10 varieties. Rich and nour-

ishing. Export, 75 West 7th Street, N. Y.

BRUNSWICK SOUPS.

Send \$1, \$2, \$3 or \$5 for a retail
box by express of the best Can-

dies in America, put up elegantly
and strictly pure, suitable for

presenta. Refers to all Cincin-

nati. Address

L. LUCERNE & CO.,

216 and 218 West Seventh St., Cincinnati, O.

N.Y. Central & Hudson River R.R.

THE BEST ROUTE EAST OR WEST.

Through Cars between New York or Boston and Chicago
or St. Louis.

See NIAGARA FALLS, SARATOGA and
the HUDSON.

C. B. MEERER, General Passenger Agent.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10

to 20 days. No pay till cured.
Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio

To any suffering with Catarrh

or Bronchitis who earnestly
desire relief, I can furnish a

means of Permanent and Posi-

tive Cure. A Home Treatment.

No charge for consultation by

mail. Valuable Treatise Free.

"His remedies are the outgrowth

of his own experience; they are

the only known means of per-

manent cure."—Boston.

Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy.

AGENTS

Can now grasp a fortune, just

worth \$10 free. HIDEOUT

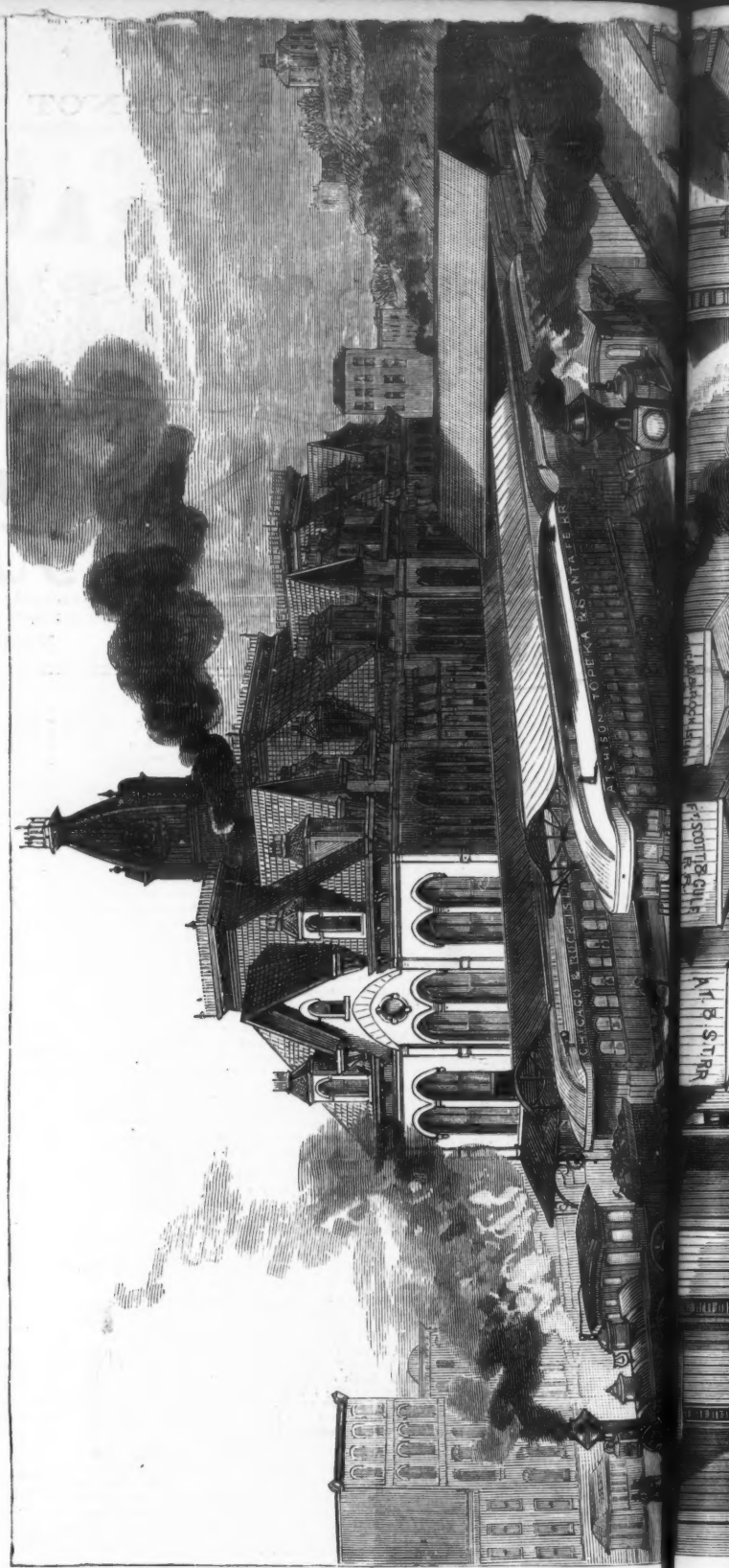
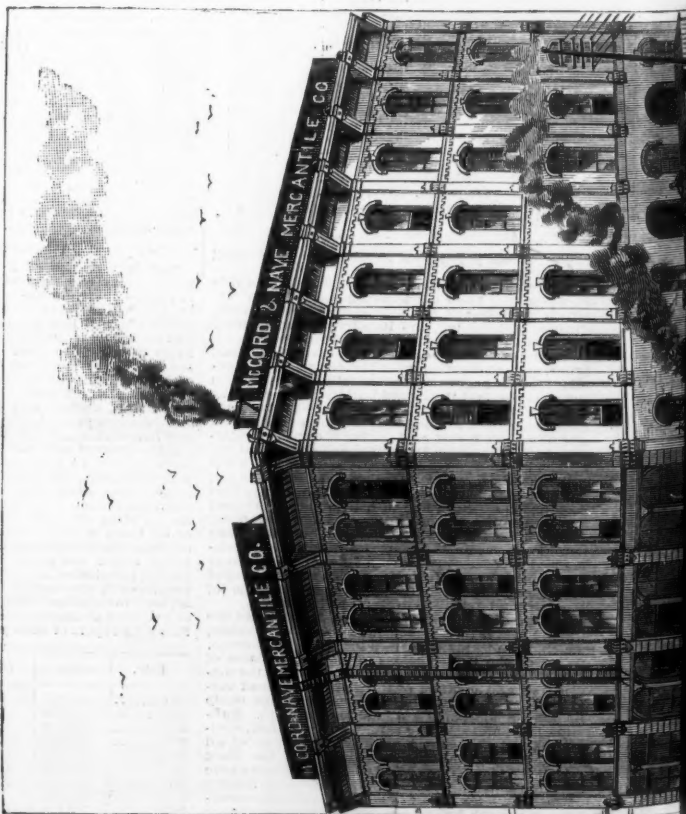
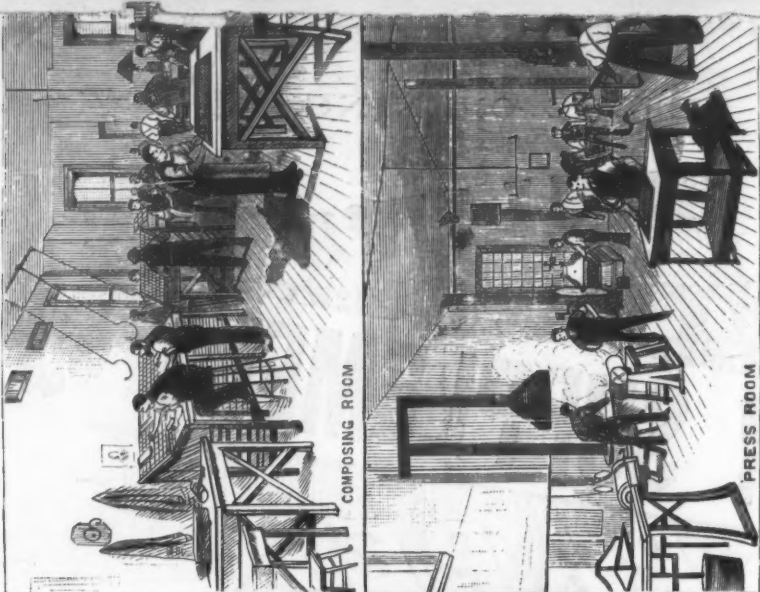
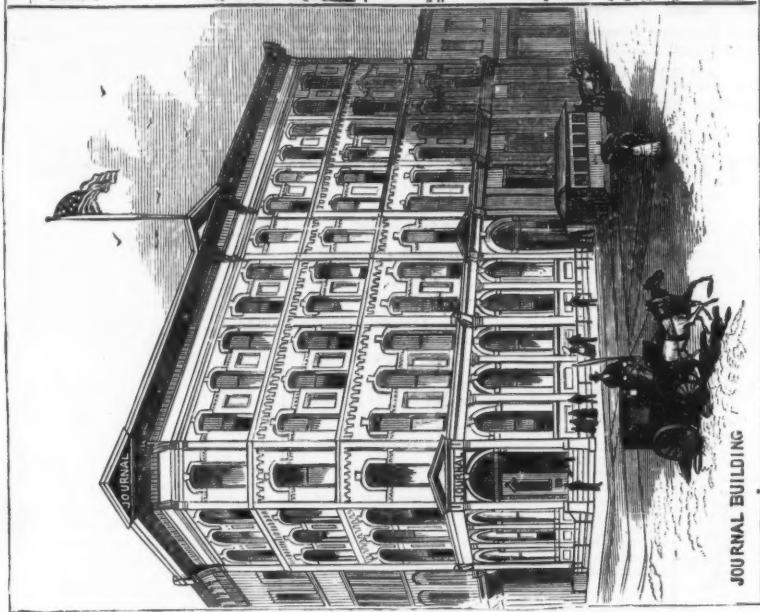
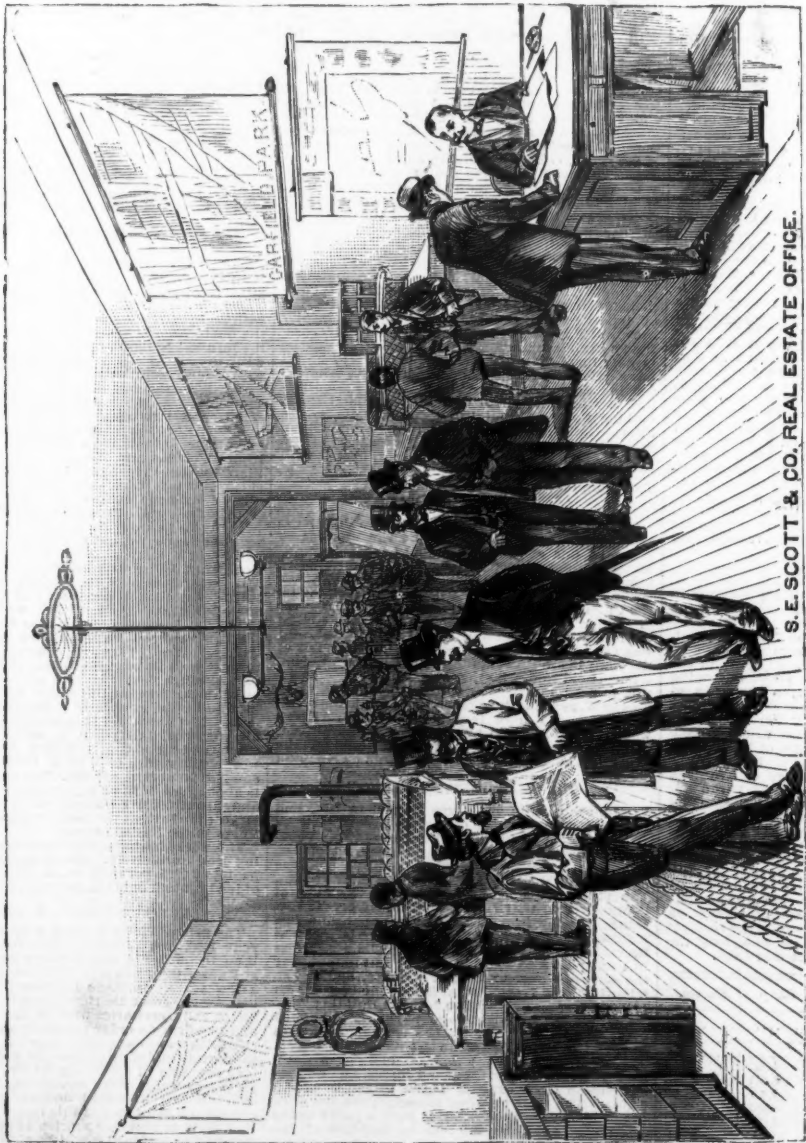
& CO., 10 Barclay St., N.Y.

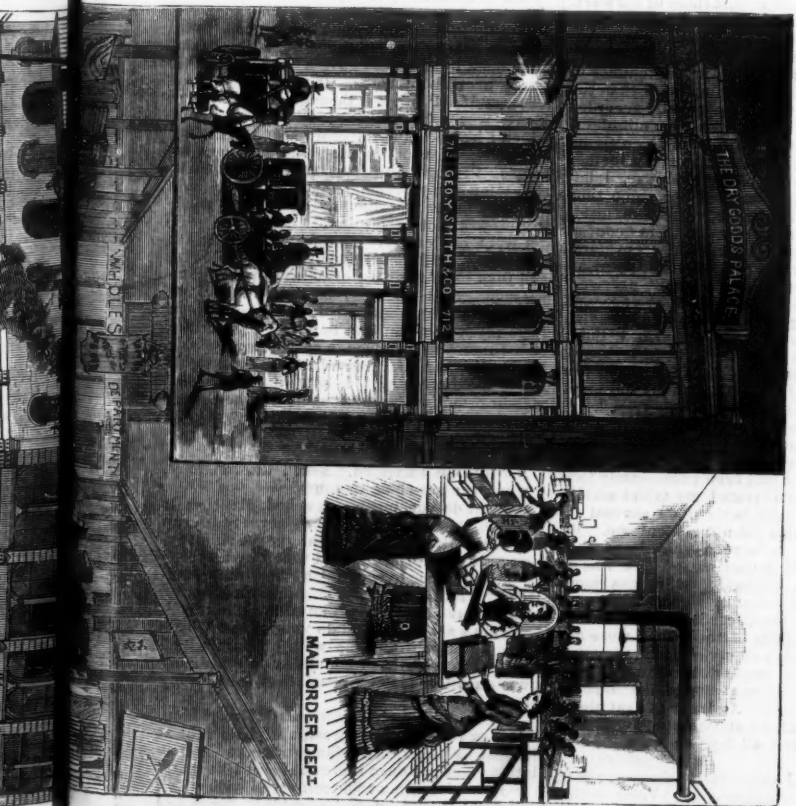
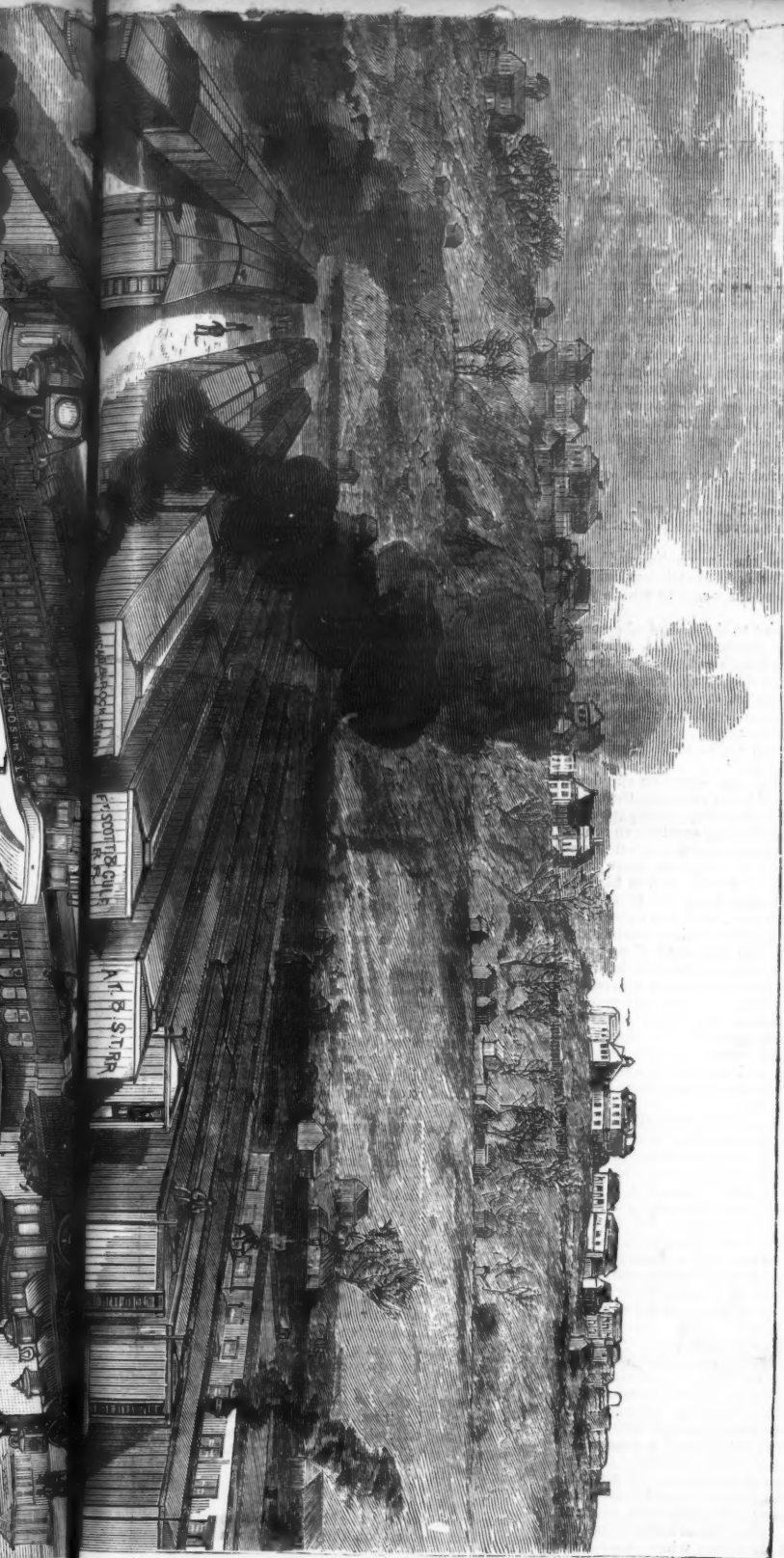
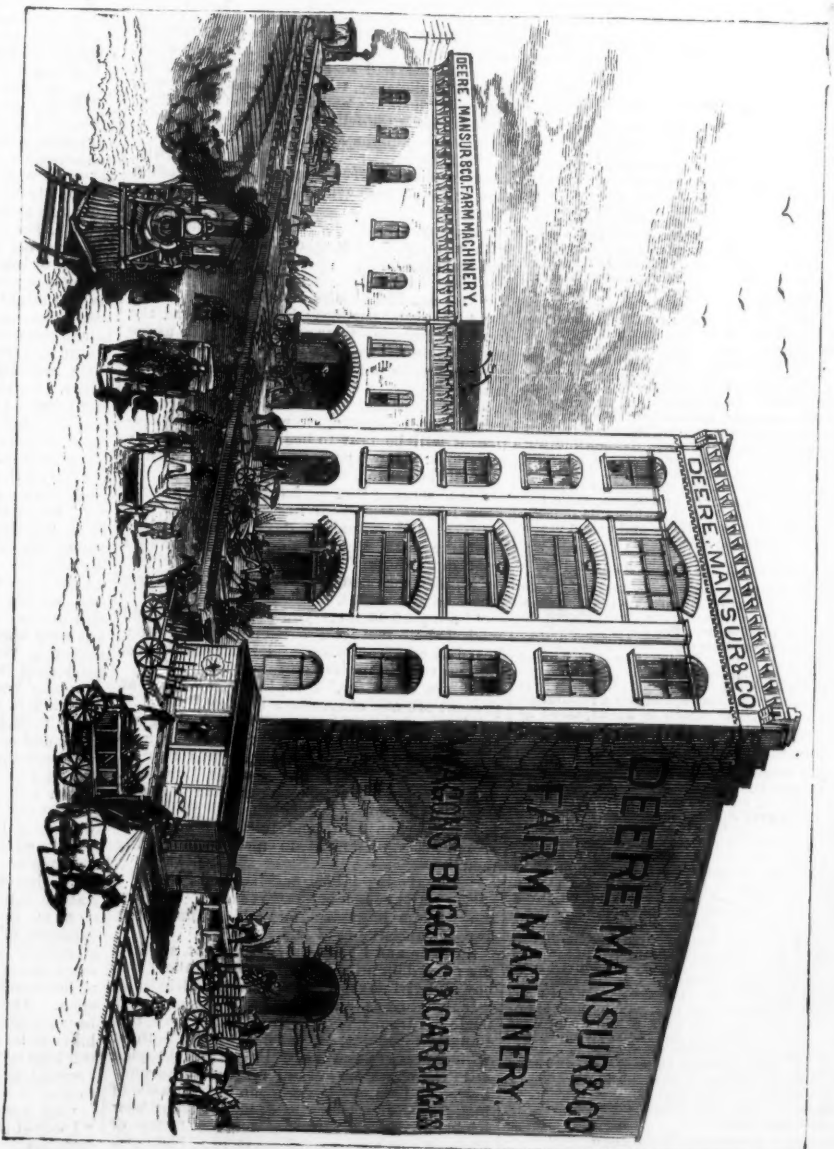
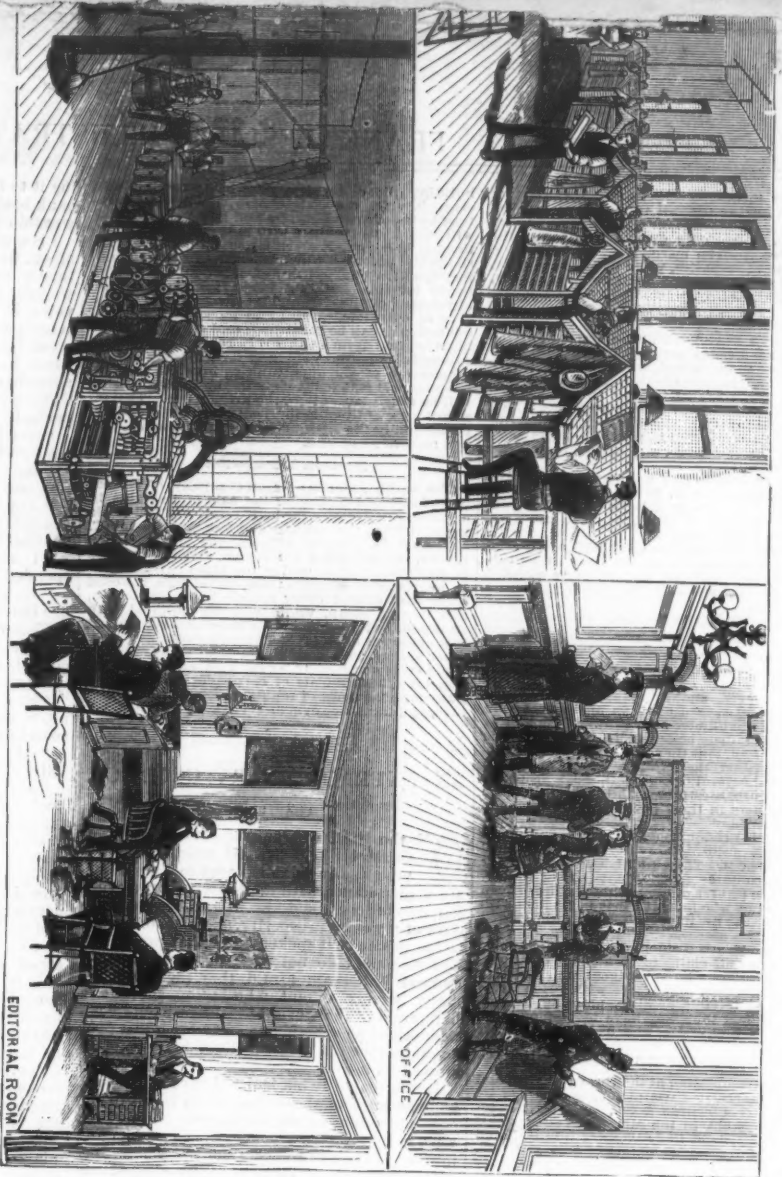
FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
 NEWS PAPER
KANSAS CITY SUPPLEMENT

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1883, by Mrs. FRANK LUELIN, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.—Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

[**SUPPLEMENT GRATIS.**

The firm of Victor B. Buck & Co. dates back to the year 1853, and therefore, with some changes, has been in existence nearly thirty years. The **Bozoo Kansas City**, however, has been established only few years. In these few years Kansas City has become the great distributing point for most of the shoe goods of the United States. **Victor B. Buck & Co.** is the firm, in order to supply this immense section with *custom-made boots* & *shoes*, has just erected the largest and most expensive shoe and boot factory probably in the Union, which, when fully completed, will cost \$1,000,000. It will employ about a hundred thousand dollars. The illustration shows but a faint idea of this immense building, for, though it is now five stories above ground, when finished as designed it will be eight stories—probably the highest factory in the Union. Even now the building is so large that it will accommodate all the establishments in America, for the two buildings, if placed side by side, would make one of nearly 100,000 square feet, five stories high, giving a floor room of 100,000 square feet. An immense capital must be employed to carry on this business, for the firm is a financial and financial circles the firm stands among the very first of the very few that have





passed safely through every financial storm that has occurred during the last thirty years, and has never failed, compromised, or asked extension. No wonder, then, it can offer every advantage to the trade, and the Western merchant, who is quick to see where his interest lies, when he can save time, expense and freight, yet pay no more for his goods, will buy in Kansas City.

THE GROCERY TRADE.

The McCord & Nave Mercantile Company, at the corner of Union Avenue and Santa Fe Street, occupies a building 75 by 120 feet, five stories in height, giving more than an acre of space filled with goods. This firm has a track of its own from the Union Depot, connecting with all the railway lines which run into Kansas City. The street floor contains elegant offices, sample-rooms, safes; and here coffee is purchased by the cargo, and other groceries in corresponding quantities.

The house in Kansas City was opened September 1st, 1867, by Mr. James M. Nave, who controls and manages the business at this point, and is connected with six other establishments in the West, owned by the same parties.

A visit to this well-stocked store will easily convince the Eastern skeptic that the West lives liberally and well, and, perhaps, because of its satisfied appetite, it has become a ruling power in politics and commerce.

S. F. SCOTT & CO.

One of the busiest places in Kansas City is the office of S. F. Scott & Co., on Delaware Street, nearly opposite the Board of Trade. During the past year this firm has disposed of over half a million dollars worth of property, and in many cases the real estate has been disposed of at an advance of from twenty-five to two hundred per cent. Messrs. Scott & Co. are such firm believers in the prosperous future of the city, that they do not hesitate to purchase property on their own account, and have recently added several tracts of suburban property, dividing the purchases into building lots, and offer every inducement in their power to encourage the erection of homes.

Their office is headquarters for large and small operators, and information is freely furnished to all who seek it. They publish the *Real Estate Index*, which contains an excellent map of Kansas City, and some figures of the profits that have been made by persons who have intrusted this firm with funds to invest in improved and unimproved property.

Mr. Scott has been a resident of the city for twelve years, and can well claim to be a judge of values. The house also does a large business in negotiating loans for capitalists, and refers with pride to its long record of reliable dealing, pointing in particular to the fact that they have made money for every buyer of real estate who has followed their advice.

THE HARDWARE TRADE.

The four-story building at the corner of Fifth and Wyandotte Streets is completed, and is occupied by the firm of E. T. Richards & Co., the largest hardware establishment in the Missouri Valley. This house began business in Leavenworth in 1857, and has survived the financial panics of 1859 and 1873, pointing to a record of steadily growing prosperity of over a quarter of a century. A branch was established in Kansas City in 1875, where the business rapidly outgrew its limited quarters, and the substantial, roomy building shown in our illustration was begun about one year ago. In addition to this building, the firm has a large warehouse in West Kansas, which is reached by two side tracks from the Union Depot, and the heavier goods are handled there in large quantities. The trade of this firm amounts to nearly a million of dollars annually, and extends to nearly all the States and Territories west of the Missouri River, giving employment to a large number of men, and their store is a scene of activity which well typifies the law of demand and supply in the great and growing West.

THE CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE TRADE.

The largest house in this line of goods is that of T. M. James & Sons, and, with the exception of one house in St. Louis, this firm carries the largest stock west of Chicago. The house was established in 1863, and since that time has had no reverses, and always meets its obligations promptly. The trade of this house reaches Kansas, Missouri, Colorado, New Mexico, Texas and Nebraska, eight traveling men being employed constantly. The retail trade consists mostly of art ceramics and fine goods, all foreign wares being imported directly from the manufacturers in France, Germany and Bohemia. Their business has been one of steady and substantial growth, keeping pace with the rapidly growing Territory to which Kansas City is the commercial gateway. The older portion of the building occupied by this firm comprises three stories and a basement 40 by 100 feet on Main Street, while the new building, which is now being completed on Delaware Street, is 40 by 130, and five stories in height. It is considered the best location in the city for the wholesale and retail trade of this description. Their ample show windows on the Main Street front present a beautiful appearance in the bewildering display of a rich and costly assortment of pleasing productions, such as decorated china, figures in delicate forms and colors, and many gems in glass ware to ornament the table and home, while the crates, boxes and barrels in the rear of the department give evidence of the activity and extent of the business of the establishment.

THE WHOLESALE DRYGOODS TRADE.

The leading firm in the wholesale drygoods trade in Kansas City is that of Messrs. Tootle, Hanna & Co., which occupies the spacious store shown on another page of this paper. The building is one of the largest fronts on Delaware Street, and has a frontage of eighty feet. This house was located here in 1868, has a capital of nearly a million dollars, and gives employment to about fifty men. It has a heavy trade in six States, and has a reputation and credit in the trade which is unsurpassed as well as unquestionable.

THE RETAIL DRYGOODS TRADE.

The largest retail drygoods house in Kansas City is that of Messrs. G. Y. Smith & Co., occupying the buildings 712, 714 and 716 Main Street, running through to Delaware Street. There are twenty-one departments covering three entire floors, with goods of the sort that are sought for, and sometimes not found, by the "sex that shops." This firm also makes a specialty of fine tailoring and high-class dressmaking, and there is no reason why a person who desires to dress well need look for anything better than can be supplied by this house.

The enterprise of this firm is illustrated by the fact that they were the first to introduce the Brush electric light, and no more brilliant picture is ever seen in the valley of the "Muddy Missouri" than an evening opening at Smith & Co.'s. In the mail-order department a large business is carried on, and ladies residing at a distance can do their shopping and be assured that they will have prompt attention. By this method the ladies living in the States and Territories where the drygoods store is unknown, as such, can dress in good taste and have every want as well supplied as if the store were only round the corner. Fashion's choicest fancies, as well as those that give the wearer solid comfort are here in countless quantities.

THE NEW MEDICAL COLLEGE.

While the commercial growth of this city has been rapidly progressing, it must not be understood that its educational interests and institutions are neglected. The idea of a University of Kansas City has already been projected, and will in a very short time become a fact. The leading physicians of the city deserve the credit for this enterprise, for it is through their earnest efforts that the project has taken shape, and the Medical Department of the University of Kansas City has now a handsome

building planned with a view of future growth, erected during the past Autumn, and already occupied by a board of lecturers and instructors, which will rank in its facilities with many similar institutions in the older Eastern cities. Our illustration shows the building, which is located in a commanding situation on Twelfth and McGee Streets. The funds for this building were furnished by the physicians of the city, and their sole aim is to give here as complete, careful and thorough a medical education as can be furnished; and although this is but the first term at this college, the project is a successful one. Many students have already availed themselves of the opportunities here offered, and the prospect is that the class in the Spring session will be much larger than the present one. This institution is entitled to the heartiest support of the profession in the Missouri Valley, and it will doubtless receive its deserts.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

The Smith American Organ Company, of Boston, has planted an agency for the sale of its wares in an excellent location for both retail and wholesale trade, under the management of Mr. George T. McGlaughlin. Judging from the heavily laden trucks, the well-filled warehouses, and the number of men employed, as well as the many sub-agencies in nearly every Western town and village, it would seem that almost every prairie home, log cabin, and mining camp, would soon be supplied with an organ, but the demand for these instruments at this agency is often greater than the supply. As in other things, so in organs and pianos, the Western trade calls continually for the best, and is discarding, daily, instruments of cheap construction and puny tone for those of reputable Eastern manufacture, and the above firm meets exactly this demand.

AN EXTRAORDINARY COMPACT.

CHAPTER I.

ON the 28th of June, 18—, Lady Vanilla Caramels held the last reception of the year at her establishment in Park Lane. My acquaintance with the hostess of the evening was of long standing. It had begun in the days of my early prosperity, and had continued, to her praise be it spoken, after that prosperity had flown. I do not wish to appear unduly cynical, but I am afraid that there are not many women extant who, after so long a habitation of the world of fashion, would have maintained so affectionate an interest in a poor acquaintance as that excellent lady still bestowed on me.

It was fearfully hot in the big drawing room, and the buzz of the conversation is apt to become monotonous and wearisome. So having, with infinite difficulty, succeeded in struggling into that lady's presence, I made my bow, and, ceding my place to the next comer, slipped into the conservatory, which looked refreshingly cool and quiet when contrasted with the heat and uproar of the room I had just quitted. The conservatory was not, I presently discovered, empty, as I had at first supposed it to be, and as I strolled towards a bower of virgin cork, I caught a glimpse of two of its occupants, an elderly lady and an extremely pretty girl of eighteen or so. I thought her pretty at that moment, and have not changed my opinion since. I had scarcely seated myself at some little distance, when the young lady, with the gayest of smiles, and the faintest of blushes, came towards me with extended hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Langford?" I took the proffered hand, rather awkwardly. I fear, and stammered something to the effect that she (the young lady) had the advantage of me.

"Have you really forgotten me?" she cried, with a laugh. "Oh, Jack, what a horribly bad compliment!"

"Elsie!" I cried.

"No; not Elsie—Miss Vernon."

"A thousand pardons; but I may plead the force of example—your example—in the usage of Christian names."

"I beg your pardon," she said, with another laugh.

"And I yours. And now, preliminaries being over, I suppose, after so long a separation, it will be best to begin conversation by questions. How long have you been in town?"

"All the season."

"It is strange that we have not met before. This, I suppose, is your first season?"

"Yes; and it ends to-day." This with a plaintive little sigh. "You have never met my aunt, I think, Mr. Langford?"

I replied that I had not yet had that pleasure, and was introduced.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Langford, and wish I had met you earlier. I have often heard of you from Elsie, and from others, too. Do you remain in London much longer?"

"I am afraid so," I replied. "I don't at present see any chance of a holiday."

"I am glad," said the old lady, looking me straight in the face, "to meet a young man who wears a good coat, and yet owns that he works for his living. I like you, Mr. Langford, and I hope to see you often when I am in town. And now," she continued, giving me her hand, "go away and talk to Elsie. Old women have no right to monopolize young men."

"A charming aphorism," laughed Elsie.

"Try and remember it," returned Mrs. Eton, "when it applies to you. It may some day, if you have good luck."

So Elsie and I went to another seat, and had the most delightful of conversations about our boy and girl days, when we were "Elsie" and "Jack" to one another, before Vernon *père* made his tremendous fortune, and before, too, Langford *père* lost his moderate one, both of which occurrences were in perfect keeping with the characters of our respective parents. I was, and am, my father's son in ignorance of business and carelessness of money; but how Richard Vernon ever became the father of Elsie is a yet unraveled mystery. Elsie was tall and divinely graceful; he was small and fat; Elsie's hair was golden and plentiful; his (what he had of it) was short, dark and stubby. Elsie was sympathy incarnate—made up, like an April day, of laughter and tears and swift changes; he was always the same—hard, cold, bullet-headed, bringing down everything to the grindstone of hard fact, and grind-

ing it to his shape and likeness—a man whose bank-book was his Bible, and whose gods of worship were Iulus and Rothschild.

Presently, as we sat absorbed each in the other, the sound of a piano playing the overture to an Italian air came to our ears, and as we got up to return to the drawing-room, the voice of the singer rose in unison with its accompaniment. It was such a voice as it is given but once in a century for human ears to listen to—a voice masculine in its magnificent rotundity and robustness, yet feminine in its flute-like delicacy of enormous compass, and perfectly under the control of its owner.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, involuntarily, "is Scarlati in London?"

"Scarlati?" repeated my companion, questioning. "Who is Scarlati?"

"Appalling ignorance!" I answered. "Is it possible that you have never heard of Antonio Scarlati?"

"I must confess the impeachment," responded Elsie. "Who is Antonio Scarlati?"

"He is the owner of the voice to which you are listening."

Elsie remained silent to the end of the song, listening with rapt attention; and when it ceased, the long sigh which escaped her trembling lips showed how deeply she was touched. There was a rapturous burst of applause, and, after the succeeding interval of silence, the sound of the piano rose again.

"Ah!" I whispered, "Eri tu!" Now you will hear him at his best."

The voice of Scarlati rose again on the dead hush, rolling out in sonorous vibrating thunder, the chords of that grandest of operatic passages. It seemed incredible that any one human organ should be capable of producing two such entirely distinct effects of sound as were contained in the song he now sang, and in his last performance. That had been the most airy and delicate of *barcarolles*, with the exigencies of which but few masculine voices could have coped successfully. He had sung it as probably no one of his audience had ever heard it sung before, in a voice that had no masculine quality save that of strength, and no feminine distinction except that of sweetness. And now he sang Verdi's masterpiece with a depth and fervor of tone which actually shook the windows of the room, and set the leaves of the tropical plants in the conservatory a-quiver in the vibration of the air.

His performance ended, Scarlati left the piano, and his audience gathered round him in a great buzz of thanks and praise, unquestionably sincere for once. I turned to Elsie.

"I don't think," I said, "you will ask any one the question you recently asked me."

"No," she answered; "I think not. But how is it I never heard of him? Does he never appear at the opera or any of the theatres?"

"No. He has enough to live on and, being one of the laziest men in the world, he prefers his liberty to even such fame and wealth as his voice could bring him."

"A true Italian," said Elsie.

As she spoke, Scarlati perceived me standing beside the conservatory door, and came towards me. He was a small and prematurely bald man, with a huge dome of forehead, surmounting two red-rimmed angry little eyes, between which was established a nose which may fairly be described as gigantic. His lips were full and red, and formed his one passable feature. His cheeks were pale and drawn, and his face was crossed and lined with multitudinous wrinkles. This remarkable head was set upon a pair of shoulders whereof a man of six feet might have been proud, and the chest was enormous; but the lower limbs that sustained the whole were almost those of a dwarf.

Our greetings over, I presented my friend to Elsie, introducing her to Scarlati as a new admirer. Scarlati professed himself delighted, and I fancied that I detected in his manner of receiving her thanks something more than the cavalier courtesy which he usually accorded his worshippers. Indeed, in a few minutes I perceived that they were in train to cultivate each other's acquaintance without my further aid; so, with a commonplace phrase, I left them together, and wandered for some time among the crowd in the drawing-room, meeting one or two acquaintances in my course. At last I came round again to the conservatory, and perceived my old playmate and Scarlati still in close conversation. Without precisely knowing why, I felt bored and ill at ease, and presently took my departure without saying good-night to any one. I felt, also, without precisely knowing why, vexed at Elsie, angry at Scarlati and dissatisfied with myself. In plain English, I was in love with my old playmate, and not a little jealous of my friend.

I reached my room, and sat silent and alone there for some time. And here let me tell my reader a little secret about myself. From my earliest childhood I had been passionately fond of music. I had cultivated my talent assiduously, and could play fairly upon several instruments. But this did not content me. My great desire was to have a voice—and this, Nature completely denied me. There was no man in London, probably, who was more destitute of vocal capacity; and whenever I attempted to sing, the discordant sounds, which were the only results of the effort, were one of the standing jokes of my musical acquaintance. The desire seemed to augment as I became more and more aware of the impossibility of its fulfillment. And now as I sat alone, thinking of Scarlati's last triumph, I felt that I would have given all I possessed to be able to sing as he did.

"By heaven," I cried, rising from my seat, "I would sell my soul for such a voice as that man has!"

As I spoke the words a knock came to my door. I lit my candle, and answered it.

CHAPTER II.

OPENING the outer door of my chamber, I disclosed to view the face and figure of my visitor. He was small and slight, dark-

haired, dark eyed, olive-skinned, and dressed neatly in a tight-fitting suit of some dark material. He bowed gravely, and entered the room.

"To what," I asked, "do I owe the pleasure of this visit?"

His sole reply was to offer me a card. I took it, and read, printed in red letters upon a black ground, the words—

HEINRICH BRECK,
Dealer in Souls.

Amazed at the oddity of this introductory description, I turned my eyes upon the stranger. He bowed again, and saying, quietly, "At your service, sir," he seated himself, and waited for me to speak.

"Well," I said, "what service can you Heinrich Breck, dealer in souls, render me?"

"I can realize the great desire of your life," he returned. "I can give you a voice, compared with which Scarlati's would be contemptible."

"I started back, astounded at the intimate knowledge of my most secret thoughts displayed by this curious visitor. He smiled, dryly, and again appeared to wait my answer."

"How did you know that that was my greatest desire?" I asked, presently.

He smiled again, and shrugged his shoulders.

"I know many things of many men."

"How do you get your knowledge?"

"That," he replied, "is my secret."

"In plain English, Heinrich Breck, dealer in souls, you are the devil?"

"A vulgar error, I assure you. The devil does not buy what he can get gratis. No, I am a man like yourself, fed by the same food, warmed by the same sun, animated by the same desires, hurt by the same weapons as yourself."

"And you propose to buy my soul?"

He bowed.

"In exchange for a voice?"

He bowed again.

I reflected a moment, and then inquired:

"And what would be the advantage of such a bargain to me?"

The question had scarcely passed my lips, when the room and the stranger vanished from my sight. I saw myself standing upon a stage in the full blaze of the footlights, bowing my acknowledgments for the ecstatic applause of a crowded house. The stalls and boxes were crammed with my acquaintances, and in one of them, so near that my extended hand would have touched her, sat Elsie, radiant with triumph, my triumph. The vision faded, and another took its place. I saw myself and Elsie, our arms entwined about each other, standing beneath the drooping branches of a willow, and all the world and sky beyond radiant with a light that never dawned on sea or land. The second vision was gone in less time than the first, and I saw Heinrich Breck, still sitting in his chair, with his eyes upon my face, and his hand extended with the gesture of one who expatiates upon the advantages to be gained by the prosecution of the plan he advocates.

"Do you accept?" he asked.

"I accept," I replied.

He rose and extended his hand. I took it in my own, and he dropped his other hand upon my shoulder.

"The pact is made."

"The pact is made."

I must confess to a slight disappointment on seeing him go out of the door like a mere ordinary mortal.

• • • • •

"Eh? What did you say, Mrs. Dixon? Nine o'clock? All right!"

I sat up in bed and rubbed my eyes. Even in doing so the remembrance of the stranger came back to me, and I gave a half-frightened glance around my room. It was empty, save for myself. I peeped through the curtain. There was nobody there; but the chair in which I had sat, and the other seat my visitor had occupied, were in the same positions as before. I returned to dress, smiling at the odd character of my dream.

"Very queer," I soliloquized; "I must work it up into a story some day."

I went on leisurely enough with my toilet, and began, half-unconsciously, first to whistle, and then to sing the air of a favorite operatic passage. Still singing, I passed from behind the curtain which separated my sleeping-room from my living chamber, in which the faithful Mrs. Dixon was occupied in spreading my table for breakfast. As I paused in my song to bid her "Good-morning," I saw that she was standing motionless and open-mouthed with half-frightened wonder. My intended greeting gave way to a question.

"What's the matter, Mrs. D.?"

"Why, Mr. Langford," asked the landlady, "whatever has come to you?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, glancing at my own reflection in the many-cornered scrap of looking-glass which hung above the chimney-piece. I seemed unchanged to my own eyes.

"What's come to your voice?" asked the landlady. "I have heard you sing many a hundred times; but I never heard anything like this."

Again I asked, "What do you mean?" This time I put the question with a heart which beat so fiercely, that I could scarcely hear my own question for the blood that sang in my ears.

"Your voice, sir," reiterated Mrs. Dixon. "It was you a-singing, wasn't it? I thought at it must have been the foreign gentleman" (Scarlati); "but not even him could sing like that."

"I can give you a voice compared with which Scarlati's would be contemptible." Such had been the words of my dream visitor; and now their sense was repeated to my waking ears. I am a man of tolerably good nerves and tough physique; but I did then what I had never done before—I fainted away. When I regained consciousness, I found myself lying upon my bed, with a wet cloth about my head, and a very disagreeable odor, compounded of

the scents of burnt feathers and brown paper, pervaded the atmosphere. I strove to make a coherent whole of the events of the last four-and-twenty hours. My attendance at Lady Caramel's, my meeting with Elsie and Scarlati, my return home, my silent reverie in the darkness, my interview with the quaintly self-styled man, who had described himself as "dealer in souls"; all these incidents were fresh in my memory. But stay, how did I get to bed? That I could not remember, though the winning back of my bartered soul had been the reward of the successful effort. Had I dreamed the interview indeed, or had it been a waking reality? In my perplexity a ray of light darted into my soul. I would go to Scarlati.

I sprang from my bed, and, sore in every limb, crawled gingerly down stairs, and betook myself to the hotel which Scarlati always patronized while in town. I followed a servant to his room, and found him reclining upon a sofa, with the mouthpiece of a hookah between his lips.

"The devil!" he exclaimed, as I entered. "What has happened?"

I made no answer to his inquiry, but seated myself at the piano, and asked him, with my fingers resting on the keys:

"Did you ever hear me sing, Scarlati?"

"I have heard you try," he answered; "and I have no wish to hear you again."

I could see that, though he spoke lightly, my disheveled appearance, and the inopportune character of my question, puzzled him. Keeping my eyes fixed upon him, I dropped my fingers upon the keys, and broke out into the song that he had sung the night before, "Eri tu."

The coffee-cup he had taken from the table beside him smashed unheeded on the floor, the stem of the hookah dropped from his nerveless fingers, and he glared at me, as I sang, like a veritable statue of surprise, and so remained until the cessation of the music broke the spell. Then he sprang from his seat and rushed towards me.

"Who are you?" he shouted, dragging me to the window near at hand, and gazing in my face with wonder-stricken eyes. "Are you really John Langford, or the devil? Have you been hiding this voice all these years under that infernal croak you simulated, and starving in a garret with Golconda in your chest? Talk of my voice! It is compared with yours, what I believed yours to be compared to mine."

He darted to the piano and seized a violin that lay upon it.

"Sing!" he yelled, and dashed into a mad performance, which I had often heard him render, a music-gymnastic exercise, which would have left nine of every ten average good singers out of time and breath in the first ten bars. I caught a flash of his madness, and followed him, as he played like Paganini inspired by seven devils. Higher and higher and higher rose the whirlwind of sound, till, with a final dizzy swoop into the lower register, it closed in a leonine roar that made the windows rattle; and Scarlati, breathless with excitement and exertion, fell into a chair and glared at me again, until a sudden light came into his face.

"Santa Maria! Ass that I am! It is a dream!"

"What is a dream?" I asked him.

"All this!" he answered. "John Langford with a voice! It is a dream!"

Then, with excusable inconsistency, he demanded of me why, during all these years, I had hidden from the world this wondrous gift. And I told him my story with a calmness that surprised myself. He listened with composure, and, I believe, with something like credulity. To find in John Langford's chest an organ that surpassed his own—was not that a self-confessed and rank impossibility? And yet it had come to pass. Scarlati had, like most Italians, a spice of superstition in his character, and perhaps did not see his way to any other explanation of so incredible a phenomenon but that superhuman agencies had been at work.

"Be that as it may," he said, as he strode up and down the room—"be that as it may, you have the grandest voice that ever God bestowed on mortal man. I know every voice in Europe, and there is not one to touch it, for compass or sweetness; and when you have had a year's drilling from me"—he threw his hands abroad, as if despairing of conveying to me any adequate idea of my future glories. "We will go away to-morrow," he went on, with flashing eyes; "we will leave London, master and pupil, and I shall be the master, and you will obey me. You shall eat nothing, drink nothing, smoke nothing that I do not permit. I will make you wish yourself in Sardinia fifty times a day. And in a year you shall recognize your debt to me; and when men say that John Langford is the greatest singer in Europe, you shall add, 'And Antioletti Scarlati the greatest teacher.' We will start to-morrow; but for where? Ah, I have it! We will go to my native village; we will go to Moreno; it is fifty miles from Capua, and fifty thousand from anywhere else. You shall sing—ah, *Idio mio!*—you shall sing as man never sang before. This is your last day of liberty. Go, and enjoy it while you may, and look forward to a year of slavery and an eternity of glory."

CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER London season had come and gone, and through all this time my inexorable taskmaster had kept watch and ward over me, drilling me with an inexhaustible painstaking care. I was getting so dead tired of the whole affair that I had more than once meditated slipping back to England, and leaving Scarlati to find out my whereabouts as best he might; but he suddenly infused fresh courage into me by informing me that I was to appear at Covent Garden on the first night of the approaching season; that I was to be, for the first three months, at the disposition of the *impresario* at

a merely nominal salary; and that then, unless my voice went as quickly as it came, limitless fortune lay before me, and I might name my own prices.

But there are two sides to every bargain. I had a voice, my dream was realized; but I had sold my soul to win the prize of my ambition. And what, my reader is naturally anxious to know, was the result?

The first result was, viewed from my present standpoint, a little comical, though it was the cause of endless chagrin at the time. When Scarlati had become sufficiently familiar with my newly-acquired powers to be critical, he detected a complete want of all soul or feeling in my singing. Every note was correct, and delivered with a strength and delicacy beyond all rivaling. But there my merits ended and my defaults began. I was simply and solely a singing machine; in the literal sense of the hackneyed bit of schoolboy Latin, I was *vox, et præterea nihil*. I can see now, in my mind's eye, Scarlati seated at the piano and myself standing beside him; he wagging his enormous head to shake away the tears which dripped adown his nose, or glaring in my face with eyes of flame, as he kissed the keys into some dainty melody, or beat out of them some passage of musical thunder; I, meanwhile, following the turns of the music with a barrel-organ-like accuracy and want of feeling that sent him stamping and raving in all the tongues of Europe round the limits of the little room. A dozen times a day I wondered whether I possessed anything else by which, should I ever meet Heinrich Brenck again, I could buy back my soul. And sometimes I felt that I would have given him my voice into the bargain, and gone back to my garret in Great Russell Street.

Scarlati, enthusiastic as he was, had managed to recognize the fact that occasional relaxation was necessary, and had therefore given orders to a London news agent to forward to us certain of the English and French newspapers and magazines. It was a time of great commercial depression and frequent disaster, and every newspaper I opened was full of the news of the wreck of fortunes. One day, about a month after our arrival at Moreno, opening a newly-arrived copy of the *Times*, I saw a familiar name—that of Richard Vernon, the father of my old playmate Elsie. Reading on, I found that, having become hopelessly involved by excessive and unfortunate speculation, he had committed suicide, leaving his family, consisting of his sister and his only daughter, in a state of complete destitution.

What would have been my sensations had I received this news before my meeting with Heinrich Brenck? That was the question I asked myself, as I sat dully and stupidly waiting for the sorrow that would not come. No; I did not feel sorry. There was no emotion in my heart, except a blind rage against myself and the fiend who had betrayed me. I pointed out the paragraph to Scarlati, who had never met Elsie on any other occasion than that I have described; and all that I can remember is that I felt a dull envy of his capacity for sorrow. He was unaffectedly touched, and reproached me with tears in his eyes for my apparent heartlessness. We were neither of us rich; but at his suggestion (I am afraid I should never have thought of doing even so much) we sent a sum of money to the sufferers. Scarlati, who was at bottom a man of the rarest delicacy of feeling, insisted upon our letter being so worded that it should seem that the initiative came from me, as the elder friend. The answer was couched in such expressions of gratitude, sorrow for the past, and hope for the future as brought tears to the eyes of my mercurial and sensitive companion; it merely recurred in me the dull hopeless feeling of sorrow that sorrow would not come. I have often since read and re-read that letter, with even more emotion than my friend perused it at the time. But I am anticipating.

I was walking one evening beside the sea, which was just visible from the topmost windows of our cottage. Turning to retrace my steps, I saw approaching me a figure which, for just a moment, I imagined to be Scarlati's. A second glance assured me of my error. He was a tall and exceptionally lean man, who walked like a badly constructed marionette, as though none of his limbs were completely under his control. His forehead was almost non-existent, and was crowned with a thatch of short cropped faded hair, of the color of dead moss. His nose was thin, long, and peaked; his lips thin and always drawn back over the teeth, as though their owner had been in mortal pain; his cheeks pale and sunken; his chin ridiculously long and pointed. But his most remarkable feature was his eyes, of which I despair giving any adequate description. They were at once sunken and prominent, deeply sunk below the level of the overhanging brows, and yet glaring from their orbits, as though their owner had never recovered from the effects of semi-strangulation. This phantom paused before me, and, with a voice which accorded with his hideously grotesque appearance, said in Italian, pronounced with a strong French accent:

"Good evening, signor. My name is Volney, Auguste Volney."

He evidently expected the announcement to impress me; but it did not. I bowed and waited.

"You have heard of me?" I intimated my sorrow that I had never yet had that pleasure.

"*Mon Dieu*, is it possible? But you are a musician?"

"Yes," I answered. "You are a musician, and you know not the name of Auguste Volney! You have heard of Gounod, of Wagner, of Verdi, of Flotow?"

I replied that those names were not unknown to me.

"Sacred heaven!" exclaimed he, in surprise as genuine as it was ludicrous. "You have heard of these, and you have not heard of me?" It took him at least a minute to recover

from his amazement. I waited, repressing a strong inclination to laugh.

"It matters not," he went on presently. "If I have not the happiness to find in you an old admirer, I will make of you a new one. Since you do not know me, you do not know my works. But the world knows me, and I am famous. You shall make me more famous still. I have written an opera, and Paris has asked me to produce it. What have I said to Paris? 'Bring back Grisi to the stage, and let Antioletti Scarlati sing with her, and I will give my work to the world.' For, signor, the work is divine, and it shall be worthily sung, or not at all. A month ago, in England, in London, I find my Grisi; and to-day, here in Moreno, I find a voice to which Scarlati's would be contemptible. You shall sing for me, and upon the wings of your voice my music shall soar into eternal fame. Yes, signor, you shall sing for me."

"I have a word in that matter, I think," said a voice at my elbow.

I turned with a start, to find Scarlati beside me. Volney, with a shriek of delighted surprise, literally fell upon his shoulder. Scarlati withdrew himself from his embrace half laughingly; and I looked on in silent wonder. Volney caught sight of my face, and burst into voluble explanation:

"This man, this Scarlati, whom you see here, signor, whom I embrace" (Scarlati dodged rapidly), "is my friend, my savior. When I starved, when I had neither roof to my head nor clothes to my back, he found me out, and did homage to the genius with which I swell. When I was the jest of fools who know not one note from another, he recognized in me my potentialities, and honored them. Some little reward for what he did he has already in my eternal friendship; but a greater is to come. When my biography is written he shall be immortalized; he shall be known to undying posterity as the friend, the patron—eh, the patron!—of Auguste Volney!"

Scarlati's hat went off his head in a gravely ironical salute, and Volney dropped his hand upon his shoulder with the air of a benefactor whose gifts went beyond the power of any expressions of gratitude to do justice to.

"But what is this I hear about singing?" asked my tutor. "This gentleman is my pupil, and can accept no engagement that I do not sanction."

Volney once more started off in grandiloquent explanation. He had composed an opera, for the performance of which all musical Europe was anxiously waiting. But he had declined every offer so far, and his work should never see the light unless performed in a manner worthy of its merits.

"For the last year," he said, "I have been seeking you. You had disappeared, none knew whither. In London, in Paris, in Milan, in Vienna—still the same answer: you had gone, and left no trace. Then I thought, 'He is here—here at Moreno, renewing the associations of his youth,' and I follow still. This morning, as my hand is raised to strike upon your door, I hear a voice. Ah, *Dieu de Dieu*, what a voice! Ah, my poor Scarlati, you are crushed, eclipsed; you are, to this man, as a satyr to Hyperion, as a rushlight to the sun, as a molehill to Mont Blanc. I have found my voice, but it is not yours; and I have found my Grisi."

"And who may she be?" inquired Scarlati. "Her name is—eh, what is her name? Ah, I have it. Mees Jones, *une Anglaise*. And how do I find her? Figure to yourselves, messieurs: she was making shirts in a garret! She! *Mon Dieu, quel monde!* Et dire qu'il y a une providence. *à ce qu'on dit!* She was sewing shirts, and singing as she sewed. I stand in the street and listen, dumbstricken, confounded! I strike the door, I rush past the *patronne* who opens to me, I fly into the presence of the singer, I tell her—eh, what is it that one tells the owner of such a voice? I tell her that fame and fortune awaits her: I drag her from her wretched *mansarde*; I take her to Bertucci, and I say to him, 'Name your price, and teach mademoiselle her *role* in this opera.' And he has taught it. I hear her sing once; I embrace her many times; I start to find you. And now I find you, and I do not want you."

"That's lucky, too," said Scarlati, in English. "You wouldn't have got me if you had."

"This," said Volney, indicating me, "is the man I want; and I will have him."

"There are two words to that bargain," said my master; "I must hear the opera first. If it is good, then we will talk things over."

"If it is good!" repeated Volney. "Why, it is mine!"

"I am as proud of my pupil as you can be of your opera. If the opera is worthy of you, he shall sing in it."

"Good. You have an instrument of some kind, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Then come, and I will play it to you."

"Have you your score with you?"

"Yes. There," replied Volney, striking his forehead. "Come!"

He turned on his heel, and led the way to the house. Scarlati and I followed at a slower pace.

The opera, which Volney ruthlessly played through that night, from overture to final chorus, has long ere this received the verdict of musical Europe, and "*Le Fée du Bois*" stands high in the list of modern works. Not for the first time in the world's history, a madman was found to be a genius, and Auguste Volney ranks to day among the demigods he worshipped. In the pale light of the early Spring morning the contract was drawn and signed, and in July I was to appear at the *Opéra Parisien* in the leading *role* of "*Le Fée du Bois*."

No further link of any importance was added to the lengthening chain of my life story till that date. I came out, as arranged, at Covent Garden, and musical London went mad over me. As was inevitable, my one default

was discovered. My voice was greatly beyond all cavil, my mastery of it absolute. But my English critics said I wanted "soul," and the French said I lacked "âme." Italians quavered shrilly over my destitution of "anima," and Germans grunted despondingly about my deplorable absence of "innigkeit."

My three months' engagement over, I left my *impresario* almost with tears in his eyes at my untimely loss. I would willingly have staid, but my engagement to Volney, for which I had been studying during the whole time, called me imperatively, and I was forced to go. Accompanied by Scarlati, I made the transit, and Volney fell on my neck as I emerged from the train, in presence of the vast throng who had crowded to the station to greet the possessor of the grandest voice in Europe. There was no time to be lost, and that day the first rehearsal was to be held. We drove straight to the theatre through the awaking crowds, who cheered me as I passed. We entered the house, which felt damp and tomb-like after the open freshness of the July air. The auditorium loomed vast and dark and empty behind the unlighted foot-lamps. A huge T-piece of flaring gas-jets, backed by tin reflectors, lit the stage, littered with odds and ends, and crowded by the company, who gave a cheer as I entered, which sounded like a feeble echo of the parting roar from the crowd outside. The voice of Volney sounded in my ears:

"Permit me, Signor Alberto, to introduce you to Miss Jones—or rather, Signora Tremola."

I turned, and beheld—Elsie Vernon!

CHAPTER IV.

FOR just a moment I almost believed that my lost soul had returned to me. But I knew immediately after, as well as I know at the present minute, that the sensation I felt on thus suddenly beholding Elsie Vernon was purely physical, and that the circumstance produced no greater effect than any other equally strange and unexpected incident might have done. Elsie's surprise on finding an old child-lover in the person of Signor Alberto was so obvious, and the emotion caused by the rush of memories my presence awakened was so great, that the crowd which filled the stage of the *Opéra Parisien* would probably have been favored with a scene from a drama such as no one among them had ever dreamt of, had it not been for the volatile Scarlati. That gentleman, who suffered under no such disadvantage as myself, gave full vent to his surprise and joy, and thus covered my confusion from my fellow-performers. No sound was ever half so welcome to my ears as was the quick imperative voice of the manager, ordering those of the company who had no business in the first scene of the rehearsal to clear the stage. Soulless as I was, I could almost have hugged him.

The rehearsal dragged its slow length along to its conclusion, and I offered Elsie my arm to conduct her to her carriage. I would have left her there but for her whispered invitation to accompany her. She gave the coachman the word "*To the Bois de Boulogne*," and we drove thither in silence. She stopped the carriage at the entrance of a secluded path, and we walked side by side to a rustic bench.

"Jack," she said, presently, "you are very much changed."

"Yes," I answered. "Time works changes in us all."

I might have added that she had not remained unchanged. I had left her a girl; I found her a woman, perfected by sorrow.

"A great deal has happened since we met last," she went on; "a great deal to both of us. You have become a noted singer, and I too, if I may trust your mad friend Volney and others beside him. You did not tell me, when we last met, that you sang. You praised Scarlati's voice; but yours is greater than his. Every one says so."

This style of conversation was not likely to add to my comfort, and I tried to change it.

"Tell me all your life since I last saw you."

As I remember her story now it seems to me that nothing I had ever heard or read could have touched it for simple pathos. There was no wildness of grief in her words or voice; sorrow had made a home in her heart, and was a settled guest there. I knew that guest might be replaced by another, and that love might drive out sorrow; but I had no heart to hope that that love would be any messenger of mine. She told me all; the sudden disaster that had driven her from the home of her childhood; the swift descent, step after step, down the ladder of poverty; of foodless days and sleepless nights; of the death of her aunt, the one human being who still clung to her; of the sordid cares and ugly accidents of her wretched existence; of Volney's appearance; of the countless kindnesses she owed to him.

"I called him mad," she said, "a long time ago, Jack. I wish for the sake of those poor creatures who are now as I was then, that there were more mad men like him in the world. It would be a happier place. I think sometimes he is the best gentleman I ever met. His soul is as beautiful as his body is grotesque! And you too, and Scarlati, how good you were! I have your letter now; I shall keep it always. I could see your face as I read it. It was like you as you were when we were children, brave and kind and generous."

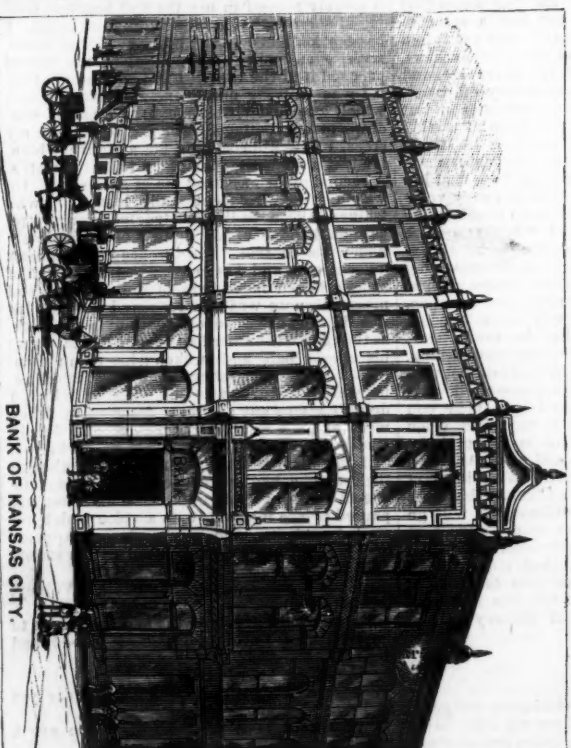
"How do you like your present life?" I asked.

"I like it, I suppose, as well as I should like any other," she answered, wearily. "I seem so old, Jack. I seem to have outlived everything and all my friends, and to be quite alone in the world. I am so lonely; I know no one in all this great city, except the people I meet at the theatre, and an old lady who lives with me, and you. And you seem changed, Jack. I can't tell how, but you are not as you used to be. Perhaps you have had troubles, too. The world is full of trouble. Hunger, and death, and disappointment; one finds them every-



SILK DEPARTMENT

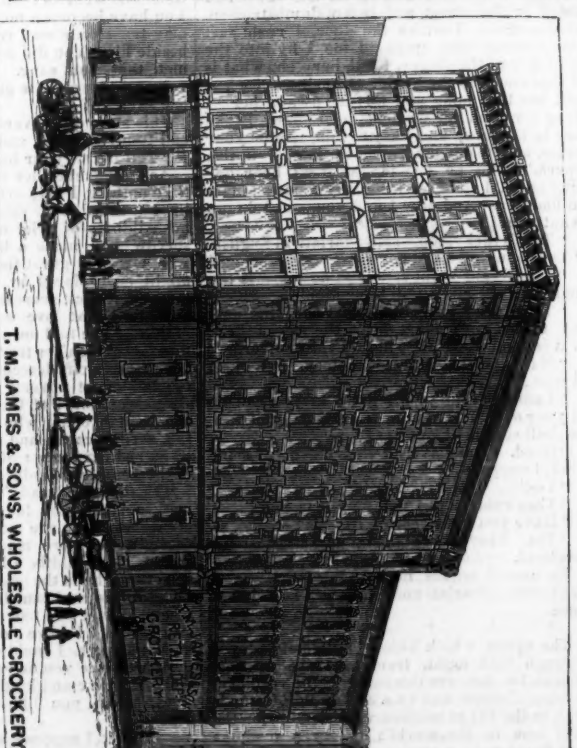
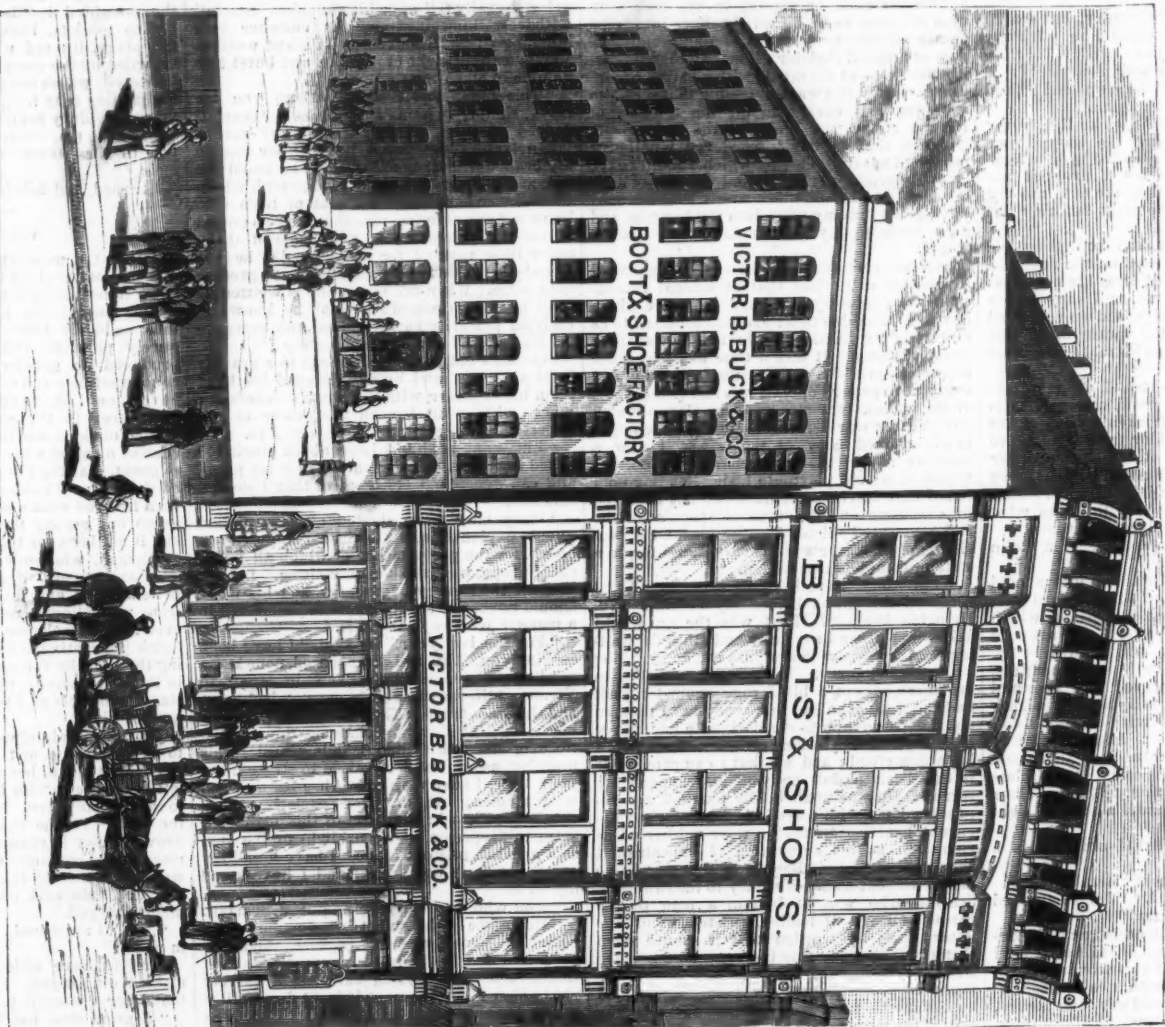
GEO. Y. SMITH & CO., DRYGOODS.



BANK OF KANSAS CITY.



INDUSTRIES

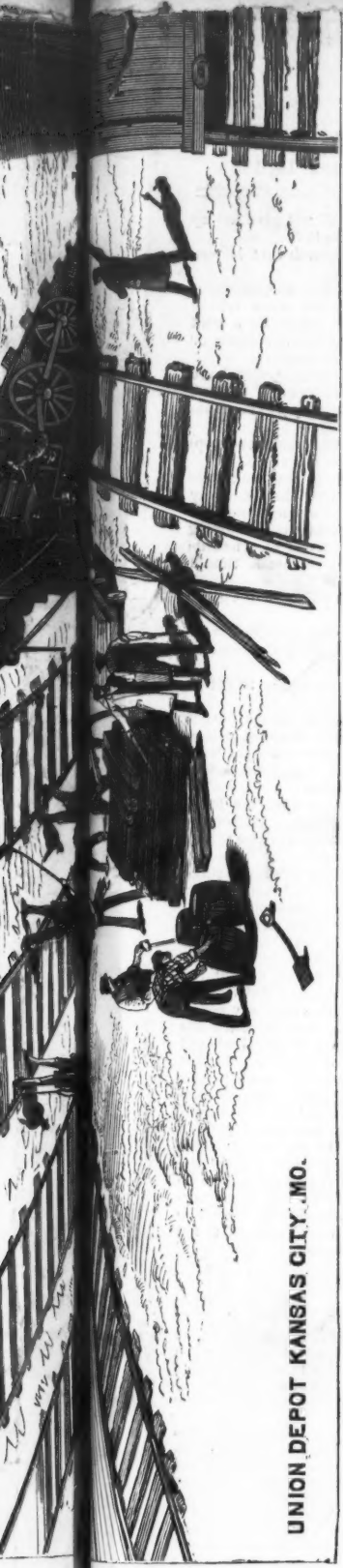


T. M. JAMES & SONS, WHOLESALE CROCKERY.

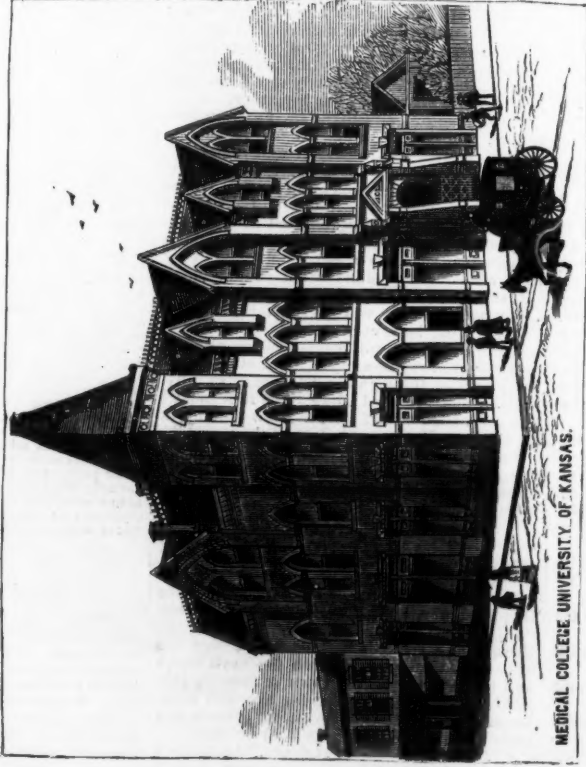
TH AND PROSPERITY—SOME OF ITS TYPICAL INDUSTRIES ILLUSTRATED.



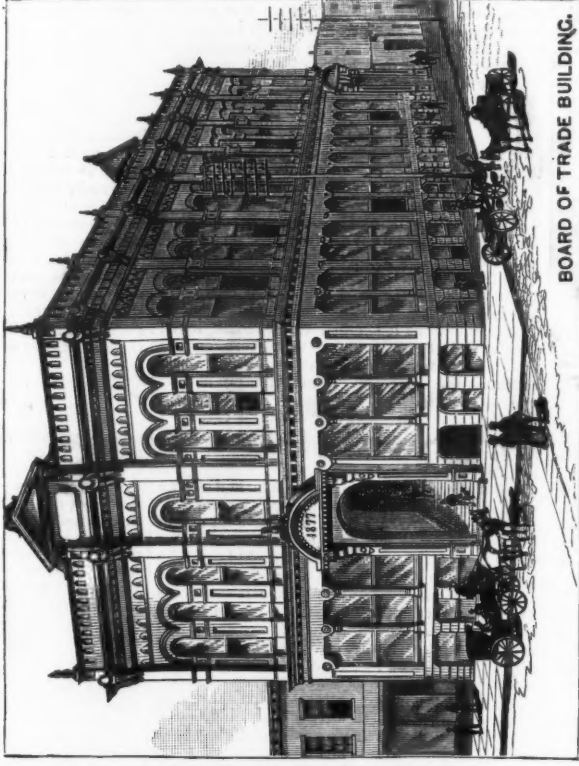
MCCORD & NAVE MERCANTILE CO.



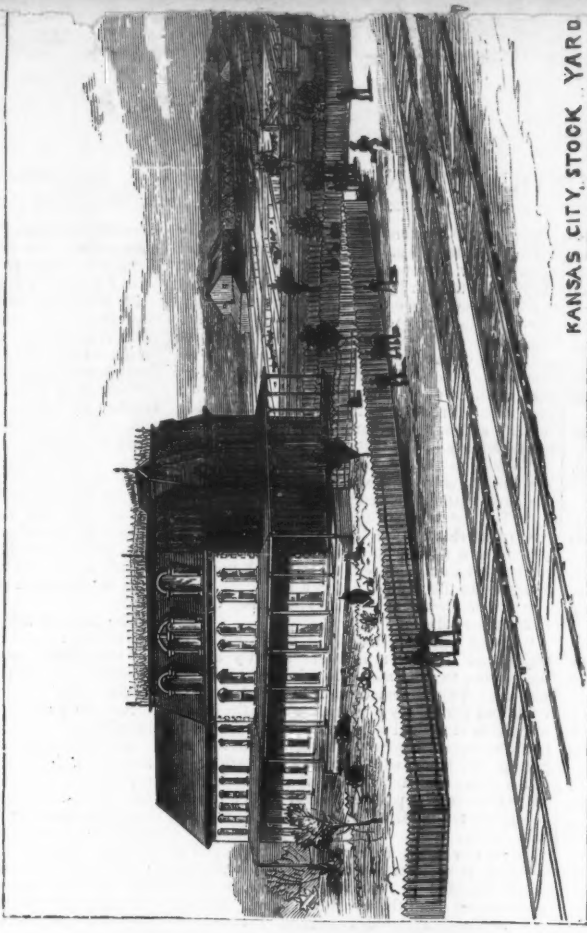
UNION DEPOT KANSAS CITY, MO.



MEDICAL COLLEGE UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS.



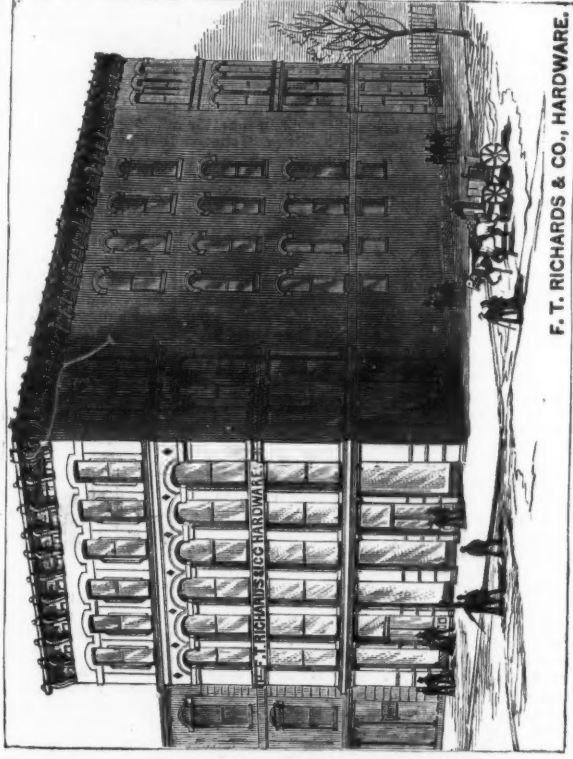
BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING.



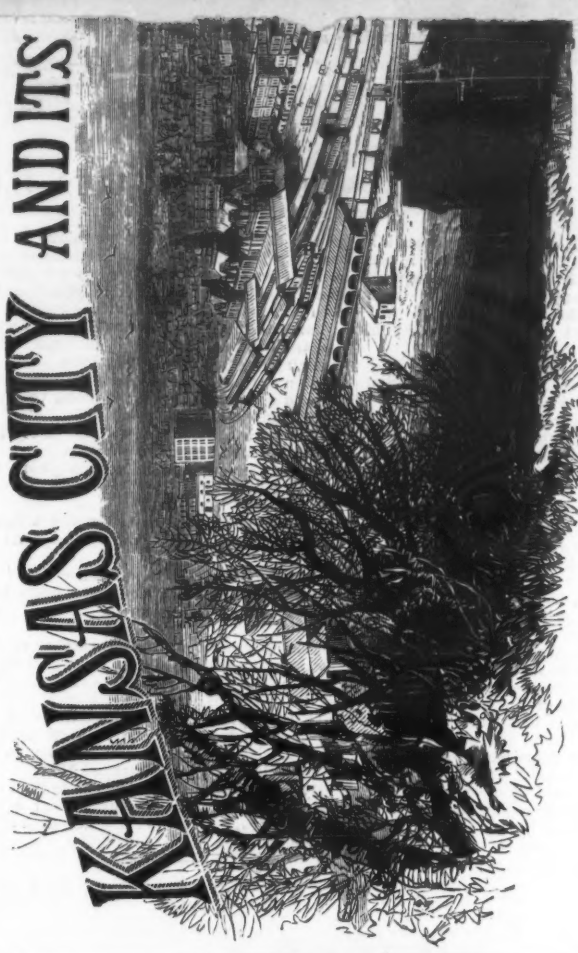
KANSAS CITY STOCK YARD



SMITH AMERICAN ORGAN CO'S. SALESROOM.



F. T. RICHARDS & CO., HARDWARE.



KANSAS CITY AND ITS

KANSAS CITY—THE METROPOLIS OF THE NEW WEST—ITS ORIGIN, GROW

where. I used to think the world was such a pleasant place, and full of happy people, in the old times; and now it seems as if there were only two kinds of people in the world—those who are selfish, and those who are sorrowful.

"Have you heard nothing of your old friends?"

"My old friends? No, Jack. Neither Signora Tremola nor Miss Jones is likely to find Elsie Vernon's old friends. They wouldn't have cared for Miss Jones, and Signora Tremola does not care for them."

"You are young," I said, "to have learned the lesson of cynicism already."

"Cynicism, Jack? No; you are wrong there. I am not a cynic. I don't think I could be one. But there is a wide tract to travel between Lady Caramel's drawing-room and the Opéra Parisien, and I have kept my eyes open en route. That's all, Jack."

She rose wearily, and I accompanied her back to the carriage, and watched it drive away and lose itself in the deep-green shadows of the trees. Night was falling, a night of storm and cloud; for it was as yet barely evening, judged by time. Before me lay Paris, under the immensity of the starless sky, its long lines of street and boulevard picked out in wavy lines of fire. There was a dull vacuity in brain and heart more painful than any pain I could have felt. The woman I had loved, a woman whom I knew to be worthy of a purer and nobler love than had ever been mine to give, cried out to me for love, and I had none to bestow; I was empty, save of that leaden sorrow I had grown to know so well.

I wandered on, asking myself many questions as I went. Did Elsie love me? And if she did, could I in justice ask her to share my life? I could not love her; but I might at least be her shield and buckler from the world; hold her safe from its great storms and petty miseries alike; give her a home, and some womanly cares and duties to perform which would fill that aching void she called her life. Would the bargain be so unequal, after all? Some remnant of soul, that Heinrich Brenck had left unawares, rose in me at the question, and thundered, "Yes." Or so it seemed to me for just one second of time; and then raising my eyes, by no impulse of my own, I saw before me—Heinrich Brenck himself!

I started back with a quick gesture of his hand to his bosom, as he saw my face, with the motion of one who seeks a hidden weapon. But ere he could draw it my hands were at his throat.

"Fiend! devil! Give me back my soul!"

He writhed himself free, and turning, darted from me, I following. A vehicle, driven at almost racing speed, came dashing by; and, with one shrill cry, he dived beneath the belly of the moving horse, and was gone into the darkness.

The night of the first representation of "La Fie du Bois" came at last, following a day of sullen and depressing heat. The house was literally crammed to suffocation, full from floor to ceiling—pit, boxes and gallery. The whole complicated machinery of modern advertising had been dexterously used to obtain for the new piece, and the as yet unknown artists who filled its leading parts, a favorable hearing and all that Paris held of wealth and fashion was contained that night within the walls of the Opéra Parisien. The piece was mounted as only the Opéra Parisien can mount a piece; and every detail had been superintended with jealous care by the Argus-eyed manager. Both that gentleman and Scarlatti awaited, with an ill-concealed anxiety, the rising of the curtain; but Volney, to my utter surprise, was as calm and unmoved as if nothing unusual had been on foot. His sublime egotism refused to recognize the smallest chance of failure, or, indeed, of anything but a triumphant and overwhelming success, for any piece of which he was the composer. To his mind, the vast audience which thronged the theatre were but so many worshipers who had come to bow before his shrine; and he waited tranquil as a god of stone or bronze, for the moment when his glories should be unvailed to their expectant eyes.

The day, as I have said, had been hot and sullen, full of the threats of coming storm, and, as the curtain rose upon the opening of the first act, the premonitory growl of distant thunder mingled with and half drowned the voices of the singers. The tempest gathered with frightful rapidity. Pierce and fast the furious rain beat on the roof of the theatre, and frequent flashes, which seemed to penetrate into the house, and paled the lustre of the gas, were followed by deafening roars of the celestial artillery. But at the opening of my first solo, the storm had apparently ceased, and I sang amid an utter stillness that seemed oppressive after the terrific saturnalia of the elements. As my voice died away, the thunder crashed out again overhead, and was answered and eclipsed by such a burst of ecstatic applause as had never sounded in those walls before. And again the thunder dropped, and after it the roar of voices, and the oppressive silence reigned again as "La Fie du Bois" rose in answer to my invocation. Her voice, soft and low at first, rose on the dead stillness of the air, and earth and heaven seemed to listen as she sang, and then burst in simultaneous applause, human and divine, as her song trembled into silence. The flash that heralded the thunder seemed for a moment to envelop me, and I staggered, blind and dizzy, torn by some strange and sudden anguish that my pen has no magic to describe. But the warning note struck on my ear, and I gathered myself together, and sang as no man ever sang before. I saw the white face of Scarlatti at the wing, and the fiery eyes of Volney regarding me with half-frightened wonder, and before me, beyond the footlights,

opened; I dared not pause to think. I sang on, my voice dominating the thunder from without, as a trumpet blast rings through the tramp of cavalry. Higher and higher I soared, until, like one man, the audience rose at me, and answered with a roar as though a whole Niagara had been set free. And then, with a sickening lurch, I swooned and fell.

"Mon Dieu! c'est Brenck!" The words came to my ears through the blood that sang in them, and stung me into life.

"You know him?" It was the voice of the manager which asked the question.

"Yes; I knew him in Munich years ago. He was a dealer."

"A dealer? In what?"

"Oh, what do I know? He was a dealer. What matter of what? He will buy and sell no more."

I staggered from the seat on which I sat. There was a group of men and women bending over a dark object on the floor. I joined them.

"There is no hope?" asked another voice.

"Hope!" said the doctor, rising from his knees. "The man is burnt to a cinder. Cover his face. It is all over."

They obeyed. But ere they did so, I saw the face, and it was the face of Heinrich Brenck. My soul had returned to me in that great flash which had destroyed him.

My tale is told, and is for you to believe or disbelieve, at your pleasure. And a little Elsie writes for me, her mother guiding the pen.

WAS HE A MADMAN?

(Continued from page 342.)

"Look here," he said to me in a rough voice, "what are you a-doin' in this 'ere fancy-dress at this hour in the mornin'? You've lost your way home, I take it."

"Pardon me," I said, "I suppose you are an officer of the law, and I would not attempt to resist your authority."

"You'd better not," says he, half to himself.

"But, I should like to go to my brother's house, where I could show you that I am a respectable person."

"Well," says my fellow, insolently, "I'll go along of you if you like, and if it's all right, I suppose you won't mind standing a bob."

"A what?" says I.

"A bob," says he, laughing; "a shill'n', you know."

"To get rid of his insolence for a while, I pulled out my purse and handed him a shilling. It was a George II., with milled edges, not like the things I see you use now. He held it up and looked at it, and then said again:

"Look here, you know, this isn't good. You'd better come along with me straight to the station, and not make a fuss about it. There's three charges against you, that's all. One is, that you're drunk. The second is, that you're mad. And the third is, that you've been trying to utter false coin. Any one of 'em's quite enough to justify me in takin' you into custody."

"I saw it was no use to resist, and I went along with him."

"I won't trouble you with the whole of the details: but the upshot of it all was, they took me before a magistrate. By this time I had begun to realize the full terror of the situation, and I saw clearly that the real danger lay in the inevitable suspicion of madness under which I must labor. When I got into the court I told the magistrate my story, very shortly and simply, as I have told it to you now. He listened to me without a word, and at the end he turned round to his clerk and said, 'This is clearly a case for Doctor Fitz-Jenkins, I think.'

"Sir," I said, "before you send me to a madhouse, which I suppose is what you mean by these words, I trust you will at least examine the evidences of my story. Look at my clothing, look at these coins, look at everything about me." And I handed him my purse to see for himself.

"He looked at it for a minute, and then he turned towards me very sternly."

"Mr. Spottiswood," he said, "or whatever else your real name may be, if this is a joke, it is a very foolish and unbecoming one. Your dress is no doubt very well designed; your small collection of coins is interesting and well selected; and you have got up your character remarkably well. If you are really sane, which I suspect to be the case, then your studied attempts to waste the time of this court and to make a laughing-stock of its magistrate will meet with the punishment it deserves. I shall remit your case for consideration to our medical officer."

"They took me away, and the surgeon examined me. To cut things short, I was pronounced mad, and three days later the commissioners passed me for a pauper asylum. When I came to be examined, they said I showed no recollection of most subjects of ordinary education."

"I am a chemist," said I; "try me with some chemical questions. You will see that I can answer sanely enough."

"How do you mix a gray powder," said the commissioner.

"Excuse me," said I; "I mean a chemical philosopher, not an apothecary."

"Oh, very well, then; what is carbonic acid?"

"I never heard of it," I answered in despair. "It must be something which has come into use since—since I left off learning chemistry." For I had discovered that my only chance now was to avoid all reference to my past life and the extraordinary calamity which had thus unexpectedly overtaken me. "Please try me with something else."

"Oh, certainly. What is the atomic weight of chlorine?"

"I could only answer that I did not know."

missioner. 'Evidently he is a gentleman by birth and education, but he can give no very satisfactory account of his friends, and till they come forward to claim him we can only send him for a time to North Street.'

"For heaven's sake, gentlemen," I cried, "before you consign me to an asylum, give me one more chance. I am perfectly sane; I remember all I ever knew; but you are asking me questions about subjects on which I never had any information. Ask me anything historical, and see whether I have forgotten or confused any of the facts."

"I will do the commissioner the justice to say that he seemed anxious not to decide upon the case without full consideration."

"Tell me what you can recollect," he said, "as to the reign of George IV."

"I know nothing at all about it," I answered, terror-stricken, "but, oh, do pray ask me anything up to the time of George III."

"Then please say what you think of the French Revolution?"

"I was thunderstruck. I could make no reply, and the commissioners shortly signed the papers to send me to North Street pauper asylum. They hurried me into the street, and I walked beside my captors towards the prison to which they had consigned me. Yet I did not give up all hope even so of ultimately regaining my freedom. I thought the rationality of my demeanor and the obvious soundness of all my reasoning powers would suffice in time to satisfy the medical attendant as to my perfect sanity."

"On our way, however, we happened to pass a churchyard where some workmen were engaged in removing a number of old tombstones from the crowded area. Even in my existing agitated condition I could not help catching the name and date on one moldering slab which a laborer had just placed upon the edge of the pavement. It ran something like this: 'Sacred to the memory of Amelia, second daughter of the late Sir Thomas Spragg, knight, and beloved wife of Henry McAlister, Esq., by whom this stone is erected. Died May 20, 1799, aged 44 years.' Though I had gathered already that my dear girl must probably have long been dead, yet the reality of the fact had not yet had time to fix itself upon my mind. You must remember, my dear sir, that I had but awaked a few days earlier from my long slumber, and that during those days I had been harassed and agitated by such a flood of incomprehensible complications, that I could not really grasp in all its fullness the complete isolation of my present position. When I saw the tombstone of one whom, as it seemed to me, I had loved passionately but a week or two before, I could not refrain from rushing to embrace it, and covering the insensible stone with my boiling tears."

"Oh, my Amelia, my Amelia!" I cried, "I shall never again behold thee, then! I shall never again press thee to my heart, or hear thy dear lips pronounce my name."

"But the unfeeling wretches who had charge of me were far from being moved to sympathy by my bitter grief. 'Died in 1799,' said one of them with a sneer. 'Why, this madman's blubbering over the grave of an old lady who has been buried for about a hundred years! And the workmen joined in their laughter as my jailers tore me away to the prison where I was to spend the remainder of my days. All this took place in the Spring of the present year. I remained five months or more in the asylum, but I never saw any chance of creating a more favorable impression on the minds of the authorities. The surgeon was convinced that I must be an historical student, whose reason had broken down through too close study of the eighteenth century; and he felt certain that sooner or later my friends would come to claim me. He is a gentle and humane man, against whom I have no personal complaint to make; but his initial misconception prevented him and everybody else from ever paying the least attention to my story."

"Many visitors came to the asylum from time to time, and they were always told that I possessed a minute and remarkable acquaintance with the history of the eighteenth century. They questioned me about facts which are as vivid in my memory as those of the present month, and were much surprised at the accuracy of my replies. But they only thought it strange that so clever a man should be so very mad, and that my information should be so full as to past events, while my notions about the modern world were so utterly chaotic. The surgeon, however, always believed that my reticence about all events posterior to 1871 was a part of my insanity. I had studied the early part of the eighteenth century so fully, he said, that I fancied I had lived in it; and I had persuaded myself that I knew nothing at all about the subsequent state of the world."

The poor fellow stopped a while, and again drew his sleeve across his forehead. It was impossible to look at him and believe for a moment that he was a madman.

"And how did you make your escape from the asylum?" I asked.

"Now, this very evening," he answered, "I simply broke away from the door and ran down towards the Strand till I came to a place that looked a little like St. Martin's Fields, with a great column and some fountains, and there I met you. It seemed to me that the best thing to do was to catch the York coach and get away from the town as soon as possible. You met me, and your look and name inspired me with confidence. I believe you must be a descendant of my dear brother."

"I have not the slightest doubt," I answered solemnly, "that every word of your story is true, and that you are really my great-great-uncle. My own knowledge of our family history exactly tallies with what you tell me. I shall spare no endeavor to clear up this extraordinary matter, and to put you once more in your true position."

"And you will protect me?" he cried, fer-

intense eagerness. "You will not give me up once more to the asylum people?"

"I will do everything on earth that is possible for you," I replied.

He lifted my hand to his lips and kissed it several times, while I felt hot tears falling upon it as he bent over me. Suddenly a loud knock at the door made my hunted stranger rise up hastily in terror from his chair.

"Gracious heavens!" he cried, "they have tracked me hither. They are coming to fetch me. Oh, hide me, hide me, anywhere from these wretches!"

As he spoke the door opened, and two keepers with a policeman entered my room.

"Ah, here he is!" said one of them, advancing toward the fugitive, who shrank away toward the window as the officer approached.

"Do not touch him!" I exclaimed, throwing myself in the way. Every word of what he says is true, and he is no more insane than I am."

The keeper laughed a low laugh of vulgar incredulity.

"Why, there's a pair of you, I do believe," he said. "You're just as mad yourself as 't'other one."

And he pushed me aside roughly to get at his charge.

But the poor fellow, seeing him come towards him, seemed suddenly to grow instinct with a terrible vigor, and hurled off the keeper with one hand, as a strong man might do with a little terrier. Then, before we could see what he was meditating, he jumped upon the ledge of the open window, shouted out, loudly, "Farewell! farewell!" and leaped with a spring on to the embankment beneath.

All four of us rushed hastily down the three flights of steps to the bottom, and came below upon a crushed and mangled mass on the spattered pavement. He was quite dead. Even the policeman was shocked and horrified at the dreadful way in which the body had been crushed and mutilated in its fall, and at the suddenness and unexpectedness of the tragedy. We took him up and laid him out in my room, and from that room he was interred after the inquest, with all the respect which I should have paid to an undoubted relative. On his grave in Kensal Green Cemetery I have placed a stone bearing the simple inscription, "Jonathan Spottiswood. Died 1881." The hint I had received from the keeper prevented me from saying anything as to my belief in his story, but I asked for leave to undertake the duty of his interment, on the ground that he bore my own surname, and that no other person was forthcoming to assume the task. The parochial authorities were glad enough to rid the ratepayers of the expense.

American Agriculture vs. English.

WILLIAM FOWLER, Member of Parliament for the town of Cambri, England, who is at present on a visit to this country, recently gave to a Chicago Tribune reporter his impressions of the agricultural resources of the West, where he has spent some time in making observations.

"What has interested me most," said he, "is the matter of transportation to England, in connection with the cost of production there, and the question whether we can continue much longer to compete with America in the raising of wheat, but to raise it at all and make it pay. The natural protection to English production, by reason of the cost of carriage, must be—nay, is—rapidly diminishing, and I rather expect, if we were to have a good harvest in Europe and America at the same time, you would have prices such as we have never expected."

"The American farmer is producing and transporting wheat and corn so cheaply, then, that his English brother cannot compete with him?"

"It's a good deal as a gentleman expressed it to me the other day, when he said: 'A man out here in Iowa is competing with the English farmer just as if he lived in Yorkshire.' That may be a strong way of putting it, but you must observe the great advantages which the American farmer has over the farmer on the other side. Iowa land, for instance, costs \$10 an acre, while in England it costs £50, £70 or £80 an acre, so that the Englishman is terribly handicapped at the start, for he has to pay interest on £50 to £70, while the Iowa man pays interest only on £2. Then, in addition to all that, the Iowa man has a better soil and a better climate. In short, with these advantages in favor of the American farmer, with the cost of transportation minimized, as it is, so that our natural protection from that cause is rapidly diminishing, I have great doubts whether the cultivation of wheat will pay in England at all. I speak not so much of the present as of the future, for our crop this year has been a good one, while yours seems to have been just the other way. Your deficiency this year, as I have seen it stated, is 80,000,000 bushels—nearly as large as England's entire production in an ordinary season. But here is your vast expanse of territory developing every year. Then, again, you virtually raise wheat in this country by machinery. The extent of your wheat-raising territory is simply astounding, but your population, while large in the aggregate, is spread over these vast expanses, and your real market is elsewhere—across the water, over in England, where we find a contrary state of affairs—a comparatively small wheat-raising area, with millions of people to be fed. And I don't begrudge you your good fortune in the least. Your prosperity is ours, for, unless our people be cheaply fed, they cannot afford to work for reasonable wages, and unless we can manufacture at reasonable cost, we can no longer hope to supply the world with our manufactured products."

Pay of Parisian Journalists.

A JOURNAL gets better value from the writer who puts his name to his work, and can afford to pay men of such value living rates. The sums paid to writers of standing in Paris exceed anything imagined in this country, and are only equaled in England. Tony Revillon, for example, draws from the *Lancet*, a little sheet, 40,000 francs, or nearly \$8,000, a year. This, too it must be borne in mind, for merely contributing to the literary and political columns. Aurelian Scholl and Albert Wolf, for three feuilletons a week, the first in the *Vallée*, the second in the *Figaro*, drew \$10,000 a year, with right of publishing in book-form once a year. But the most curious custom in the Paris press is the liberty accorded such writers. The contributor who is paid by the year to write for the *Figaro* is not debarred from writing and signing his name in *Voltaire*, the *Gil Blas*, or the *Francis* or *Le Temps*. It thus happens that the group of journalists in vogue draw salaries exceeding a bank president.